THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 21

THE MESSAGE OF DAYS.

BY J. H. I.

What is the message of days, what is the thought they bring—
Days that darken to Winter, days that sweeten to Spring?

Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day,
What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say?

Silence for aye and aye, and the heartbeats never cease
Till toil and life and the day are the night and death and peace.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

DANE made his way back to the hotel, and something of the storm that raged within him must have been visible on his face, for the waiter stared at him curiously and apprehensively, and shrank away from him timidly as Dane said—

"Get my bill at once, and send my things to the station."

To put it shortly, he was as bewildered as Lyra, as bewildred, but even more troubled and sorrow-stricken; for our friend, the guilty conscience, contributed his quota.

Dane Armitage was not a good young man by any means, but, with all his weaknesses and all his follies, he still had a keen regard for honor. His creed was a very simple one, and honor was its key-note. He was engaged to his cousin Theodosia Hainault. That is to say, he was bound by a promise, had plighted his word, his oath, and as a gentleman he was bound hand and foot, heart and soul, by that plighted word. There are still some men whose word is as good as their bond, and Dane was one of them.

If he had promised to ride bare-backed from London to Mesopotamia he would have done it, or tried to do it, even if he had died in the effort. He had promised to marry his cousin Theodosia, and he must keep that promise.

In the supreme moment when he became conscious, when he realised that he loved Lyra Chester, he had—for that moment—forgotten Theodosia and his plighted word. But the letter, as it lay on the ground between him and Lyra, reminded him of it.

He had stood betwixt Love and Honor; and, with such a man as Dane, Honor must—at all costs—win the day.

As Lyra had left him, as he watched her go, he felt that the joy, the hope of his life was going with her, but he made no sign, no effort to stop her. It was noblesse oblige. A better man, a "good" man might have yielded, would probably have said "Love before all," and gone after her, but not Dane.

The Starminsters had never broken their word, much less their plighted troth, and he could not do it.

And yet he loved her as dearly, as passionately, as ever man had loved woman, and he knew that she loved him. He had read it in her face, her eyes. And yet he had to let her go!

All the way to the hotel her face haunted, tortured him; not once or twice, but many times he stopped short, tempted by the agonising desire to go to her, to cast honor to the winds, and claim her for his own.

But Honor prevailed—at a cost no pen could describe.

They took his things to the station, and he paced up and down on surely that dreariest, draughtiest of all platforms, the Yarnstaple, till the London train steamed slowly in.

He flung himself into a corner of a carriage and lit his pipe, but for once the soothing weed refused to calm him.

There, on the opposite seat, sat, in his mind's eye, Lyra Chester. He could see the lovely innocent face quite plainly, the grave, half sad eyes seemed to gaze at him; he could hear her voice through the puffing of the engine, the rattle of the wheels, the screeching of the whistle. There was not an incident of their brief acquaintanceship that he did not re-enact. He felt himself carried down by the currents of the Yaw, saw her beautiful face anxiously bent over him, felt her arms—her dear arms—round him. He saw her as, all unconscious of his gaze, she threw the fly over the stream. And last, and most bitter of all, there rose before him the vision of her standing pointing to the letter that lay on the ground between them.

It was the worst journey Dane Armitage had ever made, and it lingered in his memory for many a year.

When he got to Waterloo he inquired how soon the next train started for Starminster.

The porter, after a great deal of inquiry, informed him that it started at midnight.

Dane took a ticket, and spent a couple of cheerful hours marching up and down the platform, going over the whole thing again and again. Once he was tempted to fling his ticket to Starminster on to the permanent way, and book for Yarnstaple; but honor still prevailed, and he found himself in the Starminster train, wearied to death physically and mentally.

It is a long journey from classic Waterloo to Starminster, and it was getting on towards noon when Dane alighted from the train at the little country station. The stationmaster, all the porters, knew him and gathered round him obsequiously, eager to be of service, and between them—with much hustling and emulation—they got him a fly.

"Drive to Castle Towers," he said wearily, as he sank back and pulled his traveling cap over his aching eyes.

"To Castle Towers, not Starminster Hall, my lord?" queried the driver in respectful surprise.

Dane, I regret to say, swore.

"To Castle Towers!" he repeated.

The man gathered up the reins and whipped up the horse, and for the space of another half-hour Lord Dane had the opportunity of ruminating over his misery. At the end of that time the fly lumbered up a spacious avenue and drew up at the terraced entrance of Castle Towers, the residence of Lady Theodosia Hainault.

As the fly stopped Dane roused himself, and looked round him and sighed.

The avenue, the far-stretching facade of the great house, the trimly-kept hedges, the exquisitely-arranged Italian garden in front of the terrace, were all eloquent of wealth and smiling prosperity—a marked, a striking contrast to the simple, shabby cottage which haunted him.

He got out. A couple of footmen hurried down the marble steps, and bent their heads in respectful, reverential greeting.

"Is Lady Theodosia in?" he asked.

One of the men looked at him with veiled curiosity. Dane was pale, almost haggard, and remarkably travel-stained.

"Yes, my lord. In the library."

Dane went slowly up the steps, dropped his hat on the hall table, and was ushered by another footman into the library.

It was a noble room, lined with books in bookcases of rosewood, picked out with ormolu, and paneled with Wedgewood.

Seated on chairs round a table—but at a little distance—were two clergymen in the regulation dress, and a lady in widow's weeds.

In a chair by the table sat a young lady dressed in black merino, relieved by white—gleamingly, almost painfully—white collar and cuffs. She was small, very small; there was an air of dignified solemnity and gravity in her by no means plain countenance, which made her look older than her years.

Before her, on the table, were an account book, pamphlets, formidable looking papers; and she held a pen in her hand.

She looked up as Dane entered and greeted him with a grave smile—not a blush, be it noted—and made an entry in the account book before she rose and said, by way of welcome—

"Is that you, Dane? Good morning! We are in the middle of the Dorcas Committee meeting. Sit down."

Dane nodded to the parsons and the other lady, and, with a suppressed groan, sank into a chair. Dane at a Dorcas meeting!

CHAPTER XI.

Dane sat down and looked at the Dorcas Committee with the expression on his handsome face which a man wears when he finds himself in company he doesn't like, and which doesn't like him, though both he and the company have to try and look pleasant.

The lady in the widow's weeds smiled at him severely, one of the clergymen smiled at him vacantly, the third eyed him with a grim kind of disfavor.

There is no need to describe the first, the vicar; the third was a thin, rather lantern-jawed young man, with a big nose and thin lips, and remarkably intellectual eyes. His name was Martin Fanshawe—the Rev. Martin Fanshawe—and he was curate of the parish in which Castle Towers stood.

He was a good young man, but rather hard and exacting, as a man must necessarily become who, being "good" himself, burns with a desire to make his fellow creatures good also. He was a great favorite of Lady Theodosia Hainault, who regarded him as a type of all the Christian—and several of the heathen—virtues; and she and he, to put it vulgarly, "ran" the parish; the vicar being a dear, sleepy, easy-going old man who left things generally to his curate, and was quite content so long as he himself was not worried. So the Rev. Martin, being an energetic young man, threw himself into his work, and made things in Torchester—which was the name of the parish—"hum" as the Americans say.

He started temperance societies, Bands of Hope, Dorcas meetings, saving banks, working men's clubs, penny readings, tract societies and all the other means by which the village laborer is wooed from the public-house and made good, whether he likes it or not.

And Lady Theodosia Hainault, the young lady with the thoughtful eyes, and grave mien helped him with all her heart and soul, and with her purse.

She was the daughter of a well-known peer who had married an enormously wealthy woman. All her mother's money had come to Lady Theodosia, together with Castle Towers, one of the finest "seats" in England.

Her father—Lord Hainault—had been a great friend of Dane's father, and the two men had arranged that their children could become husband and wife.

So that Lady Theodosia and Lord Dane had been, so to speak, betrothed in their cradles. They had been playmates together, and, as Starminster Hall and Castle Towers were at no great distance from each other, were seldom apart.

The girl, always a quiet, solemn little thing, had grown up to regard the wild, harum scarum little boy as her husband, and Dane had always considered himself "booked" to his cousin, Theodosia.

To bind the tie still closer, Lord Hainault made a will by which a certain sum of money—a very large sum, even for these "millionaire" times—would go to the young people, conjointly; if they married, and go away from them to the heir to the title—a cousin—in the event of their breaking off the match.

Naturally Lord Starminster was exceedingly anxious that the match should not be broken off, and that the matrimonial arrangement should be carried through; and it was not only monetary considerations which made him anxious that his son should marry Lady Theodosia. Dane was rather—well, "wild," and restless; Theodosia was grave, serene, "good;" therefore she would make a suitable wife, be a fine restraining influence on Dane, and keep him straight. And the young people were "fond" of each other; there could be no doubt of that. They always got on well together; Dane used to confide in Theodosia, confessed his scrapes—some of them—to her, and took her advice—and her sermons and lectures—patiently and in good part.

They seldom quarreled, but when they did Dane was always the first to own up and make friends, for he was a good-natured, easy-going, modest young fellow, and had sense enough to see that the little girl with the dark eyes and grave face had twice as many brains as he, and was twice as good.

And until he met Lyra Chester he had been quite satisfied with his matrimonial prospects, had looked forward to marrying Theodosia—some day—with easy serenity, and had never asked himself what love meant until he met Lyra Chester. Now all things had become changed in his mind and his heart. He had learnt what love meant, and the knowledge—like most knowledge, by the way, had brought him much misery.

He sat and looked round at the solemn conclave, and wondered how he could get away. A few days ago he would have jumped up, said, "See you presently, Dosie," and cut and run: but he couldn't do it to-day; he felt too penitent and full of remorse.

"Thirty-six yards of Welsh flannel at a shilling and fivepence farthing," said the lady in the weeds solemnly, "would come to—to——"

There was a pause, and Theodosia looked absently at Dane as she tried to make the mental calculation.

"No use looking in this direction," he said, shaking his head. "Haven't the least idea. Couldn't tell you to save my life."

Theodosia smiled indulgently, but the Rev. Martin Fanshawe frowned as if in rebuke of such levity.

"Two pounds eleven and ninepence," he said gravely.

"Thank you, Mr. Fanshawe," said Lady Theodosia with gentle gratitude. "Two pounds eleven and ninepence. Now, let us see; how many members are there? Twenty-eight; and they subscribe twopence a week. How long would it be before they made up the amount?"

There was a pause, which Dane very injudiciously filled in by remarking—

"About a hundred years, I should think."

They all looked solemnly, reprovingly

at him, and Lady Theodosia crimsoned slightly.

"My dear Dane, I'm afraid you don't understand the importance of this work. We are endeavoring, under Mr. Fanshawe's guidance, to establish a Dorcas Society with the object of supplying the poor with warm winter garments."

"I see," said Dane cheerfully. "And you want to buy the flannel. All right. Let me help. I shall be delighted. I'll give you the two pounds eleven and tenpence—no, ninepence, wasn't it?"

The lady in the weeds groaned, the two clergymen smiled pityingly, Martin Fanshawe sighed with an air of long suffer-ance.

"Oh, no, no," said Lady Theodosia. "Don't you understand, my dear Dane, that we want the society to be self-supporting? We do not wish to pauperize them. We want to guard against that most carefully. It is very kind of you to take so much interest and be so generous——"

"Oh, come!" said Dane.

"——But we cannot make a charity of it; it must be self-supporting."

"All right," said Dane cheerfully, and with a glimmer of common sense, "then you must raise the subscriptions, or give 'em less or cheaper flannel."

Mr. Fanshawe rose with a slight frown.

"I think we had better adjourn the meeting, Lady Theodosia," he said in his grave, clerical voice.

"Here, I'll clear out," said Dane, rising with suspicious alacrity. "I'm in the way."

"Oh, not at all," murmured Mr. Fanshawe in rather a shocked voice. "We have taken up a great deal of Lady Theodosia's time already, and—er—we can meet again later on."

They gathered up their papers, made their adieux—Martin Fanshawe bending over Lady Theodosia's hand with a reverential gesture, and, as Dane would have it, "cleared out"—and he and Theodosia were left alone.

"Didn't know you were engaged, Dosie," he said, "or I wouldn't have come in. Why didn't you let me take myself off? I'm like a bull in a crockery shop——"

She shut up her account-book and smiled up at him gently, indulgently, as a mother smiles at a good hearted but rather stupid child.

"Oh, no, Dane; besides, you might have helped us."

"Well, I tried to," said Dane.

She shook her head.

"In the wrong way, I'm afraid, Dane. But you are not expected to understand this kind of thing."

"No, it's rather out of my line," admitted Dane, "though, after all, it still seems to me that it would be easier to give 'em the flannel petticoats, or whatever they are, and say no more about it."

"Easier? Ah, yes; but if we always did that which was the easiest in this life——"

"We should all be much jollier," he put in, like the heathen he was. "But never mind. You haven't told me how are, Dosie?"

"You haven't asked me yet," she said, with a smile. I am very well; but your father is not at all well. He has a bad attack of the gout in his hand, as I told you, and he wants to see you. That is why I wrote."

"Yes," he said, with a nod; "and I came."

"Yes," she said. She didn't throw her arms round his neck and murmur, "I am so glad you have come, dear Dane." "Yes; he caught it at a meeting up in the North; he had to stand on a draughty platform for three hours."

"I see," said Dane. "Why on the earth does he do such mad things?"

She raised her dark eyes to his reproachfully.

"Your father does his duty at all costs, Dane."

"I know," he said rather wearily.

"But where have you been?" she asked, looking up at him from the depths of a great chair which seemed to swallow her.

He was leaning against the mantelshelf, with hands thrust in his jacket pockets.

"Oh, here, there, and everywhere, going up and down like a roaring lion."

"Dane!" she murmured rebukingly.

"Eh? Oh, beg pardon. Oh, I've been all over the shop."

"You are not looking well," she remarked. "Have you been traveling a great deal?"

A faint color tinged his face, and he kept his eyes on the carpet.

"Well, yes; I've had a longish spell in the train, and I'm rather tired."

"And have you not been home? Why did you not go there first?" she asked, quite calmly.

Dane looked at her. He could scarcely say, "A guilty conscience drove me here."

"Oh, I'll go on there now," he said. "I thought perhaps you'd be glad to see me," he added, thinking, as he spoke, of yesterday in the valley—of the lovely, passion-lit face of Lyra Chester, and, not unnaturally, drawing a comparison between her and this cold little saint.

"Of course I am glad to see you," she said in even tones; "and you must stay to lunch, it is just ready. You did not tell me where you had been."

"Didn't I?" he said, turning away and examining one of the bronzes on the mantelshelf, as if he had not known it since boyhood. "Oh, I've been fishing and tramping about. There's nothing to tell." Oh, Dane, Dane! "I'd better go and wash a few pounds of the dust off me," he remarked. "It's a good many hours since I saw soap and water. Shan't be long."

He went up the broad staircase with rather a dragging step, very unlike his usual one, and got a good wash, and then came down to the meal which had been served in the spacious dining-room, and which, because it was of less size than the great state banquet-room, was called the "small parlor."

Lady Theodosia's companion was present, a lady past middle age, a very pleasant woman of the world, who was very much attached to Theodosia, and a great friend of Dane's. She always stood up for him when Theodosia alluded to his "idle restlessness," and declared stoutly that Lord Dane, like a good many persons, was not so black as he was painted. It may be added that Mrs. Leslie was not particularly fond of parsons.

"How do you, Lord Dane," she said as she gave him her hand, "You have come to see us at last. Theodosia insisted that you had gone to Africa; everybody goes to Africa now, you know."

"I know," he said. "England will soon relapse into barbarism, I suppose, and civilized people will be coming from Africa presently just to look at our ruins, and shoot our wild beasts."

"The accounts of the mission work in Africa are very interesting," remarked Lady Theodosia "But I suppose you do not read them, Dane?"

"I'm afraid I don't," he said. "Let me carve that fowl for you, Mrs. Leslie. Missionary work isn't much in my line. By the way, they might send over half a dozen missionaries from Africa to look up our heathens in the slums of London. That's not a bad idea, eh, Dosie? Afraid it isn't original, though."

Theodosia was about to retort in her gravely mild way, when Mrs. Leslie gently stopped the fight.

"Oh, don't you two begin to argue about missionaries, and the rest of it, until after lunch, and I've got out of the way," she said. "Argument is bad for the digestion and the temper."

"All right," said Dane. "I didn't begin it, please, mum."

"Tell us some news," said Mrs. Leslie, "Theodosia says you have been fishing. Have you had good sport?"

Dane helped himself to another slice of ham vigorously.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "fairly good. As to news, I expected to hear it from you. I don't often read the papers, excepting the Field, you know."

Lady Theodosia sighed.

"How do you keep your mind cultivated?" she said.

"I don't cultivate it," he rejoined cheerfully. "Rather think I haven't any mind to cultivate. Can't help it. 'It isn't my fault,' as the boy said when they asked him why he squinted."

"No, Dane, that is not true," said his betrothed sweetly; "I cannot let that pass pass. We all of us are responsible for our mental condition—all excepting those of us who are insane."

"Put me down amongst the idiots, then," he responded with unabated cheerfulness. "It's no use, Dosie, I never had any brains. You can't gather grapes from thistles."

"Thistles are not bad things in their way," remarked Mrs. Leslie with a faint smile. "Some people like them."

"Yes, donkeys," said Dane, laughing.

"Thanks—oh, thanks," murmured Mrs. Leslie with a laugh.

Theodosia looked on at this sally with grave eyes.

"Why do you encourage him?" she asked with gentle reproach.

"My dear, Lord Dane does not need any encouragement," retorted Mrs. Leslie blandly.

Dane leant back and laughed. He could enjoy an epigram, though he wasn't clever enough to make one.

Lady Theodosia sighed again.

"No," she said. "But don't you think, dear, just to encourage him, that it would be better, more honest, to try and open his eyes to his faults, and help him to a higher, a more useful life than the one he is now leading?"

Mrs. Leslie suppressed a smile.

"Perhaps it would be," she said. "Suppose we begin at once. Which shall we take first?"

"Couldn't you open my eyes, as you call it, after we've finished, and I'm having a smoke on the terrace?" asked Dane. "Besides, how do you know that they are not open?"

Lady Theodosia shook her head.

"No, Dane, I cannot believe that you realize the responsibilities of your position—that you realize the sin of a useless, misdirected life—of the wasted, golden hours which are entrusted to us for self improvement and noble labor for our fellow men."

Dane leant back in his chair and seemed to be listening respectfully; but as he gazed out of the window at the beautiful lawns and far-reaching meadows beyond—all of which would be his some day, when he married the present pretty and pious owner—his thoughts roamed. He saw the Yaw valley, he heard the babble of the stream, he saw the slim girlish figure, the rapt, absorbed face of Lyra Chester as she stood with poised fishing-rod.

"You might do so much, and I fear—indeed, I know, dear Dane, that you do so little," the fair preacher went on, in the soft, gently chiding voice. "You are blessed with health and strength and position—all advantages which you should use in the service of those of your brothers who have not been so richly endowed."

He saw Lyra Chester turn to him just at that moment, felt her eyes meet his, with the glow of innocent joy in them.

"Can you tell me of one really useful thing you have done, one good object you have accomplished during the time you have been absent? Can you recall one, dear Dane?"

He was silent.

"No! It is, I fear, an unbroken record of—forgive me—selfish amusement. Fishing is not the sole end and aim of life, Dane!"

"No; there's hunting and shooting," he said absently.

Lady Theodosia colored, and looked like a sweet little bird whose feathers have been suddenly ruffled; but Mrs. Leslie laughed.

"What is the use of preaching at him, my dear?" she said. "He has been thinking of something else while you have been sermonizing. Now, confess you were!"

Dane started slightly and flushed.

"I beg your pardon, Dosie," he said penitently. "I—I'm afraid I didn't pay the closest attention. Now, look here, I'll own up to all you've accused me of—what did you charge me with? manslaughter, burglary, what?—and I hope your worship will give me the option of a fine. It's true that I am a lazy, worthless kind of wretch, and spend my time in smoking cigars—when I'm not on pipes—but I'll promise to reform. I offered to take the pledge, if you remember, some time ago, and you only sighed. I'll do anything you like except deliver tracts or collect for the missionaries; so lay your commands upon your humble slave right away."

Lady Theodosia sighed.

"You cannot be serious, Dane dear?" she said. "If you cannot find work to your hand, I cannot point it out to you—"

"There you are, you see!" he exclaimed with mild triumph. "I'm too utterly useless for anything. I told you so."

"No, Dane dear," she rejoined sweetly, "no one can put in that plea. All of us can find some work suited to us. Take, for instance, Chandos——"

Dane made a grimace.

"I'd rather take castor-oil," he murmured.

Mrs. Leslie laughed.

Lady Theodosia, glancing at her reproachfully, went on.

"Chandos, even, works. It is true that one cannot always approve of all he writes; there is something besides love in this world."

"There's taxes," murmured Dane irreverently.

"But Chandos when he was down here took a great interest in our parish work, and has promised to write a volume of ballads for our bazaar in the autumn."

"That's all right," said Dane cheerfully, wondering, as he spoke, what Lady Theodosia would think of the exquisite Chandos if she knew as much of that gentleman's ways as he, Dane, knew. "That's very kind of him. Well, I can't write a volume of ballads; but I tell you what, I'll give you a ten-pound note—a genuine one, not of my own make—for your bazaar."

"I do not want your money, Dane," said Lady Theodosia rather ungratefully.

"I see; it's my life you want," he rejoined.

Lady Theodosia colored, and rose with dignity.

"Dane!"

"Eh, what have I said now!" he demanded.

Lady Theodosia bent another reproachful glance at him and, with a sigh, left the room.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHY do you tease her so?" asked Mrs. Leslie.

"That's strange! I thought I was the one who was being teased," said Dane.

Mrs. Leslie laughed, but rather ruefully.

"She is very fond of you, Lord Dane," she said.

"Is she?" he rejoined penitently, and rather doubtfully.

"Yes, yes! It is because of her fondness for you that she——".

"Lectures me, wants to make me better," he said. "Dosie is too good for me, I know that," he added with self-reproach.

Mrs. Leslie looked at him queerly.

"I wish—for both your sakes—that you would try and get on better. Why do you not come to see us oftener, Lord Dane?"

He looked down; he felt as if her womanly-keen eyes were reading his heart and learning its secret.

"You should not stay away so long. Theodosia is surrounded by—by adverse influence, by persons—persons"—she corrected herself—"who make it their business to keep her reminded of your——"

"Crimes."

"——Shortcomings, Lord Dane. Theodosia is a sweet-natured, warm-hearted girl, and her only fault is——"

He waited.

"——That she is too good," she added with a burst of candor. "But she will improve in time."

"With my aid—eh!" said Dane, smiling, but rather ruefully. "All right, I won't tease her any more, if I can help it. But look here, Mrs. Leslie, you are a friend of both of us."

"I am that certainly, Lord Dane."

"Well, do you think——" he hesitated. "Do you think Dosie would be happier, more content, if—if she were free?"

Mrs. Leslie shook her head.

"No, no," she responded. "You must not think of that! No, no! Be patient, be—well, more good, and wait until she is a little bad, and all will be well. Ah, no, Lord Dane, you and she are plighted; you cannot draw back."

Dane went on to the terrace and smoked his cigar. When he had hinted to Mrs. Leslie of a rupture of the engagement his heart had stirred with a sudden wild hope; but her words had dispelled this hope. He smoked his cigar and went back into the house, and spent some further time with his affianced, during which, by careful self-restraint, he managed to avoid another passage of arms; then started for Starminster

He reached Starminster in the gloaming.

Everyone knows the place from the engravings in the illustrated papers. It is a huge building standing in a park noble in extent and rich in forest trees. It had been the home of the Starminsters for centuries and a great deal of history had been made within its irregular walls. Dane was fond of it, proud of it in a way; but as he looked up at its crooked front, which generations of his line had added to, he wished in his heart that he had been born a mere nobody, free to do as he pleased, free to—yes, to tell Lyra Chester that he loved her, and make her his sweet, dear wife.

He flung his cigar away as he entered the hall—the earl did not like tobacco—and was met by the stately butler who had been in the family since he was a boy, working his way up from "buttons" to footman, and thence to the lofty position he at present filled.

"How are you, Brownley?" said Dane in his genial, kindly fashion.

"Thank you, my lord, quite well; and I hope your lordship's the same," replied Mr. Brownley, with the mixture of affection and respect which distinguishes the "old retainer." "The earl's been expecting you, my lord. His lordship has got a bad attack of the gout and ought to be in bed, but he won't go. He's in the library, my lord."

"All right, I'll go to him," said Dane.

He passed through the hall—the famous

hall, which has been painted and engraved so often that it has almost become public property—and knocked at the library door.

A thin and rather squeaky voice answered, "Come in," and Dane entered.

Though it was not yet dark, there was a shaded lamp on the large writing table, and its light fell upon a thin—and, must it be said?—rather querulous face. It was lined with wrinkles, that clustered in a thick group round the tired-looking eyes.

"How are you, sir?" said Dane.

The earl looked up from a sheet of paper, over which he was bending.

"Is that you, Dane? Shut the door, will you? The draught simply kills me. Sit down. Where have you been?"

Dane sat down. How many more times was he to be asked that question—the question he dared not answer?

"Wandering about as usual, sir," he replied.

The earl pushed the paper from him with restless impatience, and, leaning back, surveyed his stalwart, handsome son with a troubled gaze.

"Isn't it almost time you ceased wandering, Dane?" he asked. "I ask the question for your own good. You will be master here soon——"

"I hope not, sir," put in Dane honestly, affectionately. "I'm sorry you are bad again."

"I'm nearly always bad now," cut in the earl impatiently. "I've got the gout in my hand—in my right hand, so that I can't write. It's a terrible nuisance. And just at this crisis, too. I suppose you know that a General Election is likely?"

"I—I'm afraid I don't," said Dane. "I don't study politics much, you know, sir."

The earl groaned.

"I suppose not," he said resignedly. "I wish to heaven you did, Dane! No young man ever had a better opportunity to distinguish himself than you have."

"Yes sir," said Dane rather absently. Here in the lamplight, as in the sunlight at Castle Towers, the torturing vision of Lyra Chester rose before him.

"I have made a place for you," went on the earl; "a place into which, with a little thought and labor, you could easily step."

Dane shook his head.

"No use, father," he said regretfully, affectionately. "You can't give me your brains, you know. For heaven's sake, don't build your hopes upon my following in your footsteps. I'm no good."

The earl sighed, and passed his ungouty hand over his weary forehead. And not only was his brain weary, but his heart and soul; and why he should desire that his son should inherit his weariness, heaven, and heaven only, knows. But he did desire it most fervently.

"Well, well," he said with a sigh, "we are as God made us," and his tone almost implied that this straight, handsome son of his was an idiot. "But, Dane, I am glad you have come. I wanted to speak to you."

"Yes, father?" said Dane, with the tenderness the strong-limbed, firm-nerved man feels for the weak-limbed, broken-nerved. "What is it?"

"I want to speak to you about Theodosia and your engagement."

Dane started slightly and looked down.

"Yes?"

"Yes, Dane; I fear you don't realise your position, the responsibilities——"

Poor Dane had heard the word "responsibilities" a great many times that day, and he winced.

"You don't realise that your engagement to Theodosia is a solemn—a very solemn undertaking."

"I think I do, sir," said Dane in a low voice.

"You do? I am glad of it," said the earl. "I am devoutly glad of it. I feared that of late you had grown—well, yes—careless. Dane, I don't want to inquire into your mode of life or your doings. I know a young man permits himself a certain amount of latitude, but I hear that you are—well, rather wild and reckless."

"Oh," said Dane, "whom did you hear that from, sir?"

The earl shuffled in his chair uneasily.

"Er—er—" he replied hesitatingly, "Well, I heard it. Chandos——"

Dane did not start up from his chair, but his brown darkened.

"I see, sir," he said, in a dry voice. "Well, Chandos ought to know."

"Chandos——Don't be angry, Dane, I cannot endure much excitement."

"I am not angry," said Dane calmly; and, indeed, his scorn and contempt smothered his anger.

"Chandos let fall a hint or two. I don't blame you, Dane; please understand that. If I mention the matter at all, it is because I want to impress upon you my conviction that your best chance of happiness lies in marrying Theodosia; and—and that before long. Dane, I don't ask any questions, I don't want you to confide in me; all I wish to do is to remind you that I am an old man, that you will soon be standing in my place, and that it is only natural that I should desire to see you settled in life before I depart hence, and am no more known."

There was a touch of dignified pathos in the old earl's voice which went straight to Dane's heart.

He rose and went round to him, and laid his hand on the shoulder bent with the cares of State.

"What is it you want me to say and do, father?" he asked.

The earl looked up at him with weary, earnest eyes.

"I want to see you married to Theodosia, Dane," he said in a low, grave voice. He must have seen and noted the grave melancholy, the wistful sadness, in Dane's eyes, for he went on earnestly, imploringly—"Dane, you are not thinking of—of drawing back? You cannot be! You have pledged your word! You cannot draw back! None of our name has ever been false to his word—his plighted oath! Dane, Dane!"—for Dane's face had gone white—"what does this mean? Stop! If you are going to tell me that you are going to break your word, violate your oath, don't do so! I—I could not bear it! You have been pledged to marry Theodosia from your boyhood, the engagement has stood until now; it cannot, cannot—do you hear?—be broken! Dane, if you were false to your word, if you—you played the traitor in this matter, you would literally bring my gray hairs in sorrow to a dishonored grave!"

Though the vision of Lyra Chester rose before him at this moment, though his heart ached with love for her, though he would have given the world to be able to claim her for his wife, what could Dane—Lord Armitage—say but this?—

"Father," and his voice sounded hoarsely in the quiet room, "you need not fear. No Armitage ever broke his word; I shall marry Theodosia."

"Thank God, my boy, thank God!" murmured the old man.

And so the chains were drawn more tightly round Dane, and as they were being thus drawn a spider was weaving a web round Lyra Chester, the girl Dane loved. A spider not ugly and repulsive in form, but sleek and exquisite; a very cunning spider whose name was Chandos, alias Geoffrey Barle.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Hon. Chandos Armitage, alias Geoffrey Barle, found himself in extremely cosy quarters, and as his sprain did not hurt him very much—though he made as much of it as he could, to be sure—he was extremely comfortable.

The spare room at the cottage was small and plainly furnished, but there was, notwithstanding, a daintiness about it which gratified Mr. Chandos's refined, esthetic taste. The curtains were of prettily-flowered dimity, there was a great bunch of sweetly smelling flowers on the table beside the bed, and the diamond-paned window overlooked the Yaw.

It was much more comfortable and homelike than a room at an hotel, and Mr. Chandos congratulated himself upon his refusal to be removed. Here he lay for three days, quite the interesting invalid to Mary, who waited upon him with all the zest which attends a novel duty.

"He do look such a gentleman, and he have got such a soft pleasant voice, for all the world like a woman," she remarked to Griffith, who only growled and snarled something under his breath in response.

To say that Mr. Chandos was curious about his host and his beautiful daughter would be an altogether inadequate description of his state of mind. He had never seen anyone so beautiful—"so altogether lovely," as he would have put it—as Lyra in all his life; and in an artful way he got as much information respecting her from Mary as he could.

There did not seem much to tell, for Mary had not been in the Chesters service long, and knew nothing of their history previous to her coming to the cottage. And, strange to say, she did not mention Lord Dane's visit; perhaps because Mr. Chandos, not being aware of it, did not ask any questions.

"And Miss Lyra lives all alone here with her father, and sees no one?" he said. "It is a very sad life, a very dull existence, Mary, and I must see, when I get up, if I cannot brighten it a little. Does your young mistress ever mention me, Mary?" he asked with affected carelessness.

"She always asks every morning how you be, sir," she replied. "But she don't say naught beside. I'm afeared Miss Chester beant very well, she's so mortal pale looking, and so quiet like. Why, lor, she's quite different these last three days, so quiet and sad like; she used to be singing all day long, and romping with Carlo and the cats, and always on the move. She don't seem to care to do nothing but sit in the garden with her book; and she don't read neither, for I've seen it lying turned down on her lap for hours; me nor Griffith can't think what ails her. If the master were like any other father—which he beant—he'd send for the doctor to her. Griffith's mortal cut up about it, but he won't let me speak to her, and gets into one of his tantrums—and Griffith beant pleasant in his tantrums—if I say she ought to have a doctor."

Mr. Chandos felt a pleasant sensation about what he called his heart. Was it possible that his charms had already commenced to work havoc in the beautiful girl's bosom? Was it possible that she was already smitten by Love's dart?

It seemed more than possible to Mr. Chandos; indeed, exceedingly probable.

What a delightful romance it might prove! he thought, as he lay gazing out of the window with his pale blue eyes; quite a too charming episode in his life if he could win the love of this simple maiden. What a happy idea it was, his giving a false name! He could amuse himself with this romance as Geoffrey Barle, and—well when tired, could ride away, like the hero in the poem, and leave no trace behind.

He whiled away the time thinking of Lyra's beautiful face and composing sonnets and lyrics to her; sweet, passionate verses, which were echoes of the originals he had read, but which it was not likely such an unsophisticated girl as Lyra would know anything about.

On the afternoon of the third day he sent into Yarnstaple for a guitar and set some of these verses to a soft tinkling melody, which, when it penetrated to the sitting-room where Mr. Chester sat reading, made that absent-minded gentleman stare round him with bewilderment.

"It's only the gentleman upstairs playing on the banjo," explained Mary, to whom a banjo and a guitar were one and the same, "and he do play it lovely."

Mr. Chester groaned.

"Oh," he said vacantly; "I suppose he is quite well now, then?" Mentally he added, "and able to go"; but when Mr. Geoffrey Barle came downstairs in the afternoon of the next day, leaning heavily on Mary, and looking sweetly interesting, he, Mr. Geoffrey, did not hint at taking his departure.

"I hope you are better," said Mr. Chester, blinking at him as he sank back carefully, and with a soft moan, into the easiest chair.

"Thank you very much," murmured Mr. Chandos, "I am better; but I fear—I fear—I am not strong enough to relieve your hospitality. I cannot express my gratitude to you for your great, your tender care of me. But for your kindness I might"—he shuddered—"have been a cripple for life."

"I don't think a sprain generally has such serious results," remarked old Mr. Chester, in his dry, preoccupied manner.

"Not usually, perhaps," assented Mr. Chandos blandly; "but I am—er—peculiarly delicate and—er—susceptible to injury and: but I don't see your daughter, Mr. Chester. I am anxious, devoured with anxiety, to express my gratitude to her."

"Lyra is in the garden," answered Mr. Chester, still more absently, his eyes wandering wistfully to his book.

Mr. Chandos got up with surprising ease.

"I'll go to her if you will permit me," he said; then he evidently remembered that he was lame. "That is, if you will allow your servant to assist me."

Mr. Chester rang the bell, and leaning on Mary's arm, and with his sweetest, most "fetching" expression on his face, Mr. Chandos limped as gracefully as possible into the garden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UMBRELLA ON THE CONGO.—No article sent out to the Congo state, where there are forty millions of people and any number of small potentates, is so popular or sells so readily for a large sum as the huge gay umbrella, of which Brussels now produces tons every year. These umbrellas are in a certain sense the insignia of royalty, that is, they are much prized by the black kinglets who sit beneath their grateful shade. What the canopy used to be to the traveling monarchs in the time of the Crusades the umbrella is to the innumerable feudal chieftains of the Congo.

Bric-a-Brac.

FISH HOOKS.—The fish-hook of thirty centuries back was precisely similar in every respect to the fish-hooks of to-day, save only in the metal employed, which then was bronze, and now is steel.

THE FOX.—"As cunning as a fox" would have sounded idiotic to the discoverers of Kamtchatka. They found foxes in large numbers, but so stupid, because they had never before seen an enemy, that they could be killed with clubs.

FRENCH PATENTS.—In France patents are granted to every applicant whose papers are in proper form, without official examinations as to the novelty of the invention, and the patent holds good if the invention is new, but not otherwise. Applicants make their own examinations.

IN JAPAN.—Envelopes were not used in Japan, until recently, letters being always folded in a piece of paper, which was wrapped with great care, according to prescribed forms, differing according to the relation and rank of the person addressed. The triangular corner last folded over was pasted and stamped with a red or black stamp, or as was generally the case, merely inscribed with the word Fin, "Seal."

SACRED FIRES.—The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient, which still exists, was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every twenty four hours with sandal-wood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel. This fire, in the village of Oodwada, near Bulsar, is visited by the Parsees in large numbers during the months allotted to the presiding genius of fire.

IRISH RUSH-LIGHTS.—Rush-lights are said to have completely disappeared from use in Ireland, and the candlesticks in which they were burned have already become objects of antiquarian interest. The rushes were prepared by taking the longest and thickest that could be gathered and peeling them so that only a narrow strip of peel remained, which was left to strengthen the rush. The ends being cut off, they were dipped in melted fat (often goose grease). They were then spread out to dry. A rush twelve inches in length would burn about twenty-three minutes.

A BABOON TURNED SHEPHERD.—When baboons were common in Namaqualand in South Africa, it is said that a Namaqua trained a young baboon to act as his shepherd. It took the flock to the field, remained with them all day, and drove them back to the kraal at night, riding on the back of a goat which brought up the rear. One goat was set apart to give it milk. It made use of that one only, and guarded the other ewes for the children. Its master gave it occasionally a little meat as well. Unfortunately, after serving as shepherd for a year, this interesting and useful creature was slain in a tree by a leopard. Dr. Robert Brown, who tells the anecdote in his "Story of Africa," warns us, however, that it may not be wholly true.

EMERALDS.—The emerald was a well-known gem when Moses wrote the Book of Exodus, and was used as an ornament by the ancient Egyptians, as is proved by finding it occasionally among the old mummies. Herodotus mentions an emerald column in the Temple of Hercules at Tyre which emitted a light at night, and Pliny in his writings several times alludes to this charming stone. Egypt contains a vast store of emeralds; and South America used to be rich in emeralds. When Pizarro discovered Peru, he found the natives worshipping an emerald as large as an ostrich-egg, and the temple containing it was so adorned with emeralds that several chestfuls were sent to Spain, each containing one hundredweight.

A MUSICIANS' EXCHANGE.—The Rue des Petits Carreaux, which intersects the old part of Paris, has been for ages an exchange where performers and singers of all kinds assemble in the open air to meet managers. Every Sunday, between 8 and 10 A. M., the place is crowded, and before Christmas, New Year's Day, and other festivals is almost impassable. Every sort of musician—long-haired, skinny, fat, in broad flapped or ancient pot-hats—moves about, each with a green or a black bag in which is an instrument. When the hirer finds his man, they adjourn to a wine-shop and fix the price. A first fiddle or cornet-player gets 12 to 15 francs an evening; flutes and clarinets less, say 9 to 13 francs a night; a drummer 7 to 9 francs. Lately an enterprising carpenter has started an "office for artists of all instruments," which threatens to revolutionize the business.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS, who is practically unknown by that name outside a limited circle, says he soon tired of his nom de plume of "Oliver Optic"—under which he has written 126 books and 1000 newspaper stories—and endeavored to change it, but his publishers wouldn't listen to the proposition, as the name had too big a start of him. He is 73 years old, and lives in Dorchester, Mass.

FORGIVING AND FORGETTING.

BY D. B. W.

There is enough in daily life—
  A life so much beset
With crosses harsh and cruel words—
  To pardon and forget;
But there is nothing we can spare
That's loving, comforting and fair.

But with these troubles and these wrongs,
  There are few days that we,
By kindly natures, are not brought,
  Some friendly deed to see—
Some word that comes to cheer us still,
Some smile to lighten what is ill!

These are the comforters that break
  Like sunbeams on our eyes,
To be remembered all our days
  In thankful memories,
While we forgive whate'er annoys,
In gratitude for present joys!

WIFE OR SISTER?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "AN ANGEL UNAWARES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

JESSIE'S eyes opened in innocent wonder.

"Why, surely your cousin will come and see you some day, and I hope that all your friends will be mine. Does papa know Mr. Venables, Eva?"—raising her soft eyes entreatingly.

"No—he was in America when your father came. My father and he had quarreled and—and—— Oh, the story is a long and sad one! I cannot tell it now. Change the subject, Jessie; I think we have talked enough about Jack Venables to day."

Jessie did not think so by any means. Her quick imagination was excited, and she could have discoursed for hours upon the captivating theme. But she saw that her questions gave Eva pain, and therefore did not persist in them.

"Perhaps the quarrel had something to do with Colonel Ellison's death," she speculated, "and she resents it now upon the poor young man, who, after all, may not have been to blame. Well, I suppose she will forgive him one day. Eva does not look as though she could be hard-hearted."

A slight rustling sound caused her to turn her head and peer into the shadowy darkness that lay behind the screen the two girls had drawn around them as they sat in the fire-side corner of the long room, and Jessie's heart leaped as she saw a tall and slender figure moving rapidly away.

"What is that?" she cried excitedly; then in the same breath the cry changed to a hysterical little laugh. "Oh, aunt Ina, how you frightened me!" she said reproachfully. "I thought we were quite alone, and, when I saw you in the shadow, I took you for a ghost."

"You are a foolish child, Jessie," Miss Luxton answered, with as much composure as though she had been caught in what seemed very much like eavesdropping. "I am sure Mrs. Forrest does not share your baby fear of ghosts."

"And I am by no means so sure of that," Eva replied, sighing. "There are so many ghosts, Miss Luxton. I do not think I should be scared by the yokel's candle and scooped out turnip; but——"

"You might be by the phantoms memory and conscience can evoke? Perhaps you have been calling up such spirits to-day."

Eva flushed, then grew very pale, whether with pain or anger Jessie, who watched her closely, could not say. But the pointed significance of her aunt's tone struck even the unsuspicious girl. She, too, reddened and broke in with impulsive indignation—

"Aunt Ina, you should not speak so! Poor Eva has been talking of her father."

Jessie spoke in an excited whisper, but Miss Luxton answered her aloud.

"Of her father? And of no one else, Jessie? I thought I heard another name as I came in."

Jessie turned to her step-mother with a very anxious and apologetic glance. Her aunt's speech seemed needlessly and deliberately cruel, intended both to pain and offend. But Eva gave a faint little smile, which made her champion angrier than ever, and answered the indirect question with prompt and disarming frankness.

"You did hear another name, Miss Luxton. I was speaking of my cousin, Jack Venables."

Miss Luxton rang the bell for lights and tea before she answered, with the smooth aggressiveness that always characterized her tone in addressing Mrs. Forrest.

"Indeed! I understood Redmond to say that you were alone in the world."

"Practically I am—or was"—with an affectionate smile at the deeply interested Jessie—"but I have a few relations scattered about the face of the earth nevertheless, though most of them are unknown to me."

"Mr. Venables is one of them, I suppose?"

Eva frowned a little, and in that moment Jessie made the discovery that her sweet-faced step-mother could look wonderfully haughty and unapproachable upon occasion. But the frown soon faded, and Mrs. Forrest answered with rather a forced smile—

"No, Jack and I were brought up together. We were always companions and close friends."

"Then he attended Colonel's Ellison's funeral? Of course my brother knows him?"

Mrs. Forrest looked and felt very much inclined to resent this persistent questioning. Indeed, an angry answer actually framed itself upon her lips; but a glance at Jessie checked it. For the girl's sake she could and would bear much from the woman who seemed to have deliberately determined to make her life in her new home unhappy. But, though she would not quarrel, she felt that, if only for peace's sake, she must keep her enemy's impertinence in check. So she held her head a little higher than usual, and looked very deliberately into Regina Luxton's cold suspicious eyes as she said slowly—

"No—he was absent in America. But please change the subject, Miss Luxton. My unknown cousin cannot interest you much, and his name is associated with painful memories for me."

Jessie stole a frightened glance at her aunt. Never yet had she known man or woman dare to snub Regina Luxton, and she trembled to think what the result of Eva's rash imprudence might be. But nothing very dreadful happened. Miss Luxton accepted the rebuff with absolute composure, and even smiled a little, as though amused by some passing thought.

"By all means change the subject," she replied brightly, as the man brought in the tea; and, when Professor Forrest came in a quarter of an hour later, he found the trio chatting together and upon apparently most amicable terms.

The sight delighted him. Redmond was a man devoted to his home, loving, above all things, domestic peace; and more than once he had been troubled of late by the thought that there were discordant elements at work in his house. Regina Luxton had yielded to the urgent entreaties that his wife had so dutifully seconded, and still ruled the home; but she did so with a martyr-like air that filled him with remorse.

In vain did he struggle against the feeling, and tell himself that it was unreasonable. Ever and always his conscience gave the same answer, running in some such fashion as this—

"She has sacrificed the best years of her life to me and Jessie. She might have married again and again, have been a happy wife and mother, with home ties and interests of which no one could have robbed her, but for her devotion to us. And how have I repaid that devotion? Well, after the usual fashion of the world, I fear—with what to her must seem like base ingratitude. I have installed a young girl in her place, and Jessie gives that girl all her heart."

The ever-haunting thought gave a tenderness, half apologetic, half compassionate, and wholly dangerous to every look he bestowed on and every word he addressed to Regina Luxton now. It would have struck the most careless observer that there was a tacit understanding between these two. There seemed so much more than met the ear in every speech, and in every glance that passed between them appeared a hidden meaning.

Eva saw, at first with surprise, and then with a sharp cruel pain, of which she proudly hid all sign, this curious state of things. Jessie noticed, and innocently and loudly wondered what made her father and her aunt "so queer."

"He is sorry for what he has done—sorry for himself and for me," Regina Luxton told herself, snatching a wicked joy from that thought in the midst of her humiliation and defeat. Her face grew pale with the passionate intensity of feeling, her black eyes flashed.

"He has been led on by weak pity," she thought, "or the vanity so strong in men of his age, to forego the hope of years, to sacrifice it just when fruition was at hand. No wonder that he cannot meet my eyes, or that he is crushed and made miserable by the remembrance of his own ungrateful and egregious folly!"

The consolation she extracted from the idea that Redmond Forrest had already repented of the rash act that set a fresh and impassable barrier between them would make her almost happy, until evidence of his real and honest affection for his young wife stirred her once more to bitter jealousy, and again roused the dangerous malignity of her nature into active life. There were moments when the vindictive woman would have been capable of murder, and would have gloried in the act.

She had watched Eva Forrest with a jealousy-sharpened never-ceasing scrutiny from the moment of her home-coming, hoping against hope to find some legitimate ground of quarrel with the girl, regarding whom she could not tell her real cause for hate. But up to the present her effort had met with no success.

Eva was gentleness itself—"a namby-pamby doll," her enemy fiercely called her. She appeared a little sad, perhaps, less buoyantly happy and radiant than a young bride should be; but that fact was fully accounted for by her father's recent death and the melancholy haste of her marriage.

For the rest, her husband, whose chivalrous pity for the girl so early left alone in the world had played a large part in his marriage, learned to love her with a deeper and more absorbed affection day by day; while Jessie, who had taken to her step-mother from the first, grew only more enthusiastic as she knew her better.

"She is a darling!" the latter would cry, in her gushing girlish fashion, and with an outburst of honest affection that even the cold displeasure of Miss Luxton's look did not serve to check. "She is a darling, and I am more than glad that papa brought her home! I never had a real friend before!"

"You had me!" the woman broke in, with the quick fierce jealousy that her pride could not suppress.

"Of course, aunt Ina!" Jessie answered, with a bright gay little laugh. It was an offence to Regina Luxton that the girl laughed so much more frequently and heartily now than she had been wont to do in the old days. "I had in you the kindest and best of aunts; but I spoke of a girl-friend."

"You spoke of your father's wife. It is hardly decent or respectful to call her a girl."

"Why? She is a girl still—only four years older than I. Oh, I see!" The girl's face flushed a little, her eyes widened with a suddenly comprehending look. "You mean because there is such a wide difference between her age and my father's? But I do not think that matters much when people love each other, as they do."

"Do they?" Miss Luxton queried, with a look that spoke unutterable things.

"I am sure they do! And my father is not really old!" Jessie said earnestly. "I read somewhere the other day that a man is always so much younger than a woman that his female contemporaries always appear old fogies to him!"

"Then you read wicked mischievous nonsense!" Miss Luxton exclaimed sternly; and Jessie wondered why her aunt's face first flushed with an angry glow, and then faded to a pallor very unpleasant to behold. "But I cannot argue with a child like you; you do not understand what you are saying."

"I think I do, aunt Ina—at least, I know that the mere fact of Eva's being a few years younger than my father will not make her a bad wife to him, or cause me to love her less!"

It was a wonderfully bold defiance for Jessie, who rarely ventured to contradict her imperious aunt; but for once Miss Luxton did not interrupt or rebuke her. She listened in frowning silence, and soon after left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE season was at its height. London basked in the rare sunshine of a real June day, and looked its brightest and best.

Two young men had turned into the carriage crowded court-yard of Burlington House, and one paused to look back at the moving picture of wealth and picturesquely contrasting poverty that Piccadilly showed him.

"There, Venables," he remarked, with a smile—"did you ever see anything grander than that while you were away? Are you not glad to be back in old England, after all?"

The man he addressed turned too and surveyed, with an absolutely uninterested gaze, the long line of brilliant shops, the pedestrains, the road crowded with every possible vehicle, from the carriage of the peer or plutocrat to the barrow of the costermonger. He slightly shrugged his shoulders, and said, with a little yawn—

"It is very noisy and very hot. After all, though, one must come to London for a really hot day."

Tom Crosby looked at his companion in disgust.

"Hot and noisy?" he repeated, with indignant emphasis. "That is all you have to say for the finest panorama in the world, seen under its best and brightest aspect; and you call yourself an artist?"

"I beg your pardon," replied the other, with exasperating good temper, "I call myself nothing of the kind. Art and I said 'Good-bye' to each other two years ago."

Crosby stopped short in the shady vestibule and stared hard in his companion's face.

"Are you a poet then?" he asked bluntly.

"Not the least bit in the world. I am—how shall I describe myself?—a social and artistic failure, who means to be a business success."

"You look the character!" exclaimed Mr. Crosby, surveying his friend with a sarcastic glance. "'Commerce' is printed on your noble brow. What does it all mean, Jack? When I last saw you, you meant to be a Millais or a Leighton, with a touch of Browning and Tennyson thrown in. Your ambition took a soaring flight then."

"And now it droops with broken wing and humbled crest," the other finished lightly. "Well, never mind. We will trim the bird and turn it out a respectable barn-door fowl yet. I have cleaned my palettes, thrown my brushes away, and burned my last shred of manuscript. You may hope to see me a shining light among the city magnates some day."

Despite their lightness there was a bitter ring in the words; and Tom Crosby, meditating over them, worked out a little romance in his own mind as they pushed their way through the well-dressed, ever-increasing crowd, and reached the first room of the Academy.

"He has essayed his luck with an heiress and come to grief with her guardians, I suppose, and art has made shipwreck of his hopes. Well, some would endure martyrdom for her sweet sake, but I do not think he is of the number."

Mr. Venables did not look so if he were; there was nothing martyr-like in the appearance of the handsome young man who walked by Tom Crosby's side, and presented a strong contrast to his sturdy, thick-set friend—a contrast of which the one man was complacently and the other humorously aware.

"Valentine and Orson" they had been called in their far-off school days, and they might have posed for a study of the famous couple still. Tom Crosby, with his broad red-whiskered face, his curly hair, his light keenly-twinkling gray eyes, and generous breadth of chest, could have posed for the honest and devoted savage; while Jack Venables, with his slender figure, his clear-cut melancholy face, dark drooping moustache, and unfathomable eyes, his well-bred, slightly scornful ease of manner might have stood for the refined and polished Valentine.

The tie between the two was and always has been something like that which united the foster-brothers. Orson, the dull, plodding toiler, whose success in his art was assured by the tenacity with which he held to his purpose of achieving it, always regarded with admiration the brilliant trifler who had won no success at all.

"But he will some day when he chooses to work. He could beat us all at our lessons when he chose to learn them."

Thus the man, with the fame of whose big realistic picture, "Casuals in the Stone Yard," all London was ringing, spoke of him of whom London had never heard when, after a long interval of separation, the two old friends met. "He has sown his wild oats now, and has come back to settle down and astonish us all."

It was rather late to begin the "settling-down" process, for Jack Venables had some time since bidden his thirtieth year good-bye. But his friend fully believed in his own prophecy, and was proportionately disappointed when almost in the first moment of their meeting he coolly announced that he had given up all hope of success in any branch of art."

"Tell me what it means, Jack," Crosby said, reflectively stroking his red beard. "I cannot understand it at all. Have you

lost your heart, man, and had to make a choice between your art and your affections, or what?"

Jack Venables laughed, but the tone was hardly pleasant, though it was musical and soft.

"Your romantic old duffer! My heart, as you call it, has nothing to do with the matter, and no woman has struck his attention—it is simply the outcome of my common-sense."

"And you are not engaged—you are still a free man?"

"Free as air—free in every sense of the word."

Crosby looked a little puzzled, and stared very hard at his friend.

"And that pretty cousin of yours, the girl you used to rave about in the old days, what has become of her?"

For the first time the handsome insolent eyes gave a sudden flash, and the impassioned face was stirred by some strong feeling.

"Oh, she is married, Tom — married nearly a year ago!"

"I saw her father's death in the paper, and pitied you for being away. That was nearly a year ago, I think."

"Yes, she was married at his death-bed. I suppose they forced her to consent, poor little Eva! Don't look so exquisitely sentimental, Tom. You are right enough, man; I am wearing the willow, but I wear it with a grace."

"So I see," replied Crosby, a little taken aback; "I don't think I have overwhelmed you with condolences."

"Not in words, but you are pitying me in your thoughts, when on the whole you should rather sympathize with her; Poor little Eva! She was just the girl to be bullied into making herself unhappy."

"And is she unhappy, Jack?"

Jack Venables shrugged his shoulders, and turned the pages of his catalogue as though in search of something—something which he apparently found at last.

"'Le Mariage de Convenance,'" he read aloud—"that is the picture of the year, I believe, Tom—no offence to your masterpiece of course. A modern version of Hogarth's grim old satire, is it not? Come, and let us see this sermon on canvas."

The two young men strolled off, together, and soon by dint of gentle squeezing found themselves in the front rank of eager gazers upon that one picture which fashion had pronounced to be the one of the exhibition.

For some minutes they studied the social satire in absolute silence, looking from the sullen rebellious beauty of the woman to the selfish complacency of the man. Then Jack Venables gave a curious little laugh.

"Do you think that happy bride had ever plighted her troth before she made her excellent bargain? Somehow I fancy my cousin Eva must look something like that when she takes her place at the head of her Professor's table."

A little hurried sound that was almost a cry made the two young men look quickly round. Crosby saw only a tall distinguished-looking man, with a pretty girl in black beside him; but Jack Venables colored to the roots of his dark locks, and was evidently ill at ease for once, though his eyes gave a sudden triumphant flash.

"Eva!" he ejaculated, and there was more than recognition in his tone; there was something that made the girl shrink back and tighten her clasp upon her husband's arm. "How strange to meet you by chance, and here of all places in the world!"

His eyes wandered as though by chance in the direction of the picture, and rested there expressively. Professor Forrest frowned, annoyed by the thought that such an interruption should have the power to vex him. Eva, who, through all the bewilderment of her own dismay, saw and interpreted his vexation, hastened to answer the speech that she knew was meant to wound.

"It is strange to meet you here, as I thought the Atlantic rolled between us," she observed with a nervous laugh, knowing as soon as she had pronounced them how horribly ill-chosen her words were. "Redmond"—turning to her husband—"this is my cousin, Jack Venables. You—you have heard me speak of him."

"I have heard his name, but not, I think, from you," Redmond Forrest answered dryly. "How do you do, Mr. Venables?"

Eva looked at her husband with a puzzled glance. It was unlike him to be so cool and distant to any one she introduced as her friend—as her near relation, indeed, in the present case.

If he had been aware that Jack Venables had once been her promised husband, then she could have understood, even if she had despised a retrospective jealousy. On the other hand, if he had known the cause that parted them, he might have been cool to Jack Venables on quite other grounds; but in the circumstances his behavior was both incomprehensible and unkind.

Feeling this, and failing to account for it, she suddenly encountered Regina Luxton's cold suspicious glance, and thought she saw a cruel triumph in her smile. In an instant all that had puzzled her seemed to become plain, and a fierce resistant spirit was roused in her breast. Her husband had said, with veiled significance, that he had heard Jack Venables' name, though not from her lips. It was from Miss Luxton's then, and she had done her best to inspire the Professor with jealousy.

"She overheard me speak of him to Jessie, and worked out the story in her own wicked imagination," Eva thought with a brightening color and a curling lip. "She was sure to make a mischievous use of what she heard. But I did not think Redmond would listen to or believe her."

It was fortunate for Jack Venable that her angry fancy took the turn it did, for with the quick suspicion and resentment came the impulse to give the man who had always loved her a much warmer welcome than she would otherwise have accorded him.

"When did you come home, Jack?" she asked eagerly, detaching herself from her husband's side, and looking up into her cousin's handsome face with eyes that, if they were a shade less soft than usual, were most unusually bright. "It is so strange to meet you thus. I did not even know where you were. I suppose you would not have called to see me?"

"I hardly know," answered Jack, with grave composure; if he felt any exultation at a reception that so far surpassed his expectations he was very careful to conceal it. "I should have had some difficulty in finding you, remember. I knew only the fact that you were married, and your husband's name."

"But that name, with the help of the London Directory, would have been enough," Eva remarked, with what, to Miss Luxton, seemed an audaciously coquettish glance. "However, I will not scold you now. Jessie! Where is Jessie?"—looking round for the girl, who came shyly across at the sound of her name. "You at least have heard me speak of Mr. Venables, Jessie? Jack, this is my dear little daughter."

Jessie raised her beautiful dark-blue eyes to the stranger's, lowering them after a second or so with rather a disappointed look. Why she was disappointed the girl could hardly explain, for Mr. Venables was quite as handsome as she had imagined him. But for all that there was something in the dark picturesque face of which she did not approve.

She murmured a shy answer to his words of recognition, then stole back to her father's side and stayed there. Jack and Eva walked on ahead, passing the pictures without a glance, apparently absorbed in each other's society.

"So your step-daughter is a woman, Eva; I took her for a child at first," remarked Mr. Venables, with a puzzled backward glance at the slender figure and the mass of golden hair.

"Yes, most people do that, but Jessie is seventeen," answered Eva, with a sigh. "She is delicate, poor child; but she is the sweetest, dearest, truest-hearted little creature in the world. Most girls of her age would have been on their guard with, if not absolutely hostile to a young step-mother, but she has been my friend from first to last. I almost think——"

"You almost think?" the man echoed in an interrogative fashion as she paused abruptly. "What, Eva! That your perfect step-daughter has reconciled you to—your new life?"

He lowered his voice almost to a whisper and scanned the troubled face with eager eyes. Regina Luxton watched it too, with cruel satisfaction.

"They are lovers, as I thought," she said to herself with wicked joy—"they are lovers whom a cruel fate has parted once, and more cruelly brought together. I think that Redmond Forrest's punishment is at hand."

It would hardly have been possible among all the people collected within the walls of Burlington House to find two more thoroughly antipathetic than Tom Crosby and Regina Luxton. Yet at the same moment one idea engrossed the minds of each. Only in the man's it was a generous fear, and in the woman's a wicked hope.

"Heaven help them if they care for each other still—the poor girl rather, for Jack can look out for himself," the painter said to himself, as he turned away unnoticed. "I feel as though I was present at the first act of a tragedy. I wish Jack Venables had been in Halifax before I brought him here to-day. Of course the Professor cannot do less than ask his wife's cousin home; Jack will accept the invitation and became l'ami de la maison; and then—why, then will come the tragic ending."

And things actually fell out as Mr. Crosby imagined. Eva begged her cousin to come home with them, and Professor Forrest seconded the invitation, though still with a reluctance that perplexed and annoyed his wife.

"I try to be pleasant to his friends, even to his sister-in-law," she mused; "if only for the sake of justice and fair play he should be civil to Jack."

The remembrance made her invitation almost affectionate in its warmth, a result with which Jack Venables would have found no cause to quarrel, even if he had noticed her husband's coolness, which, as it happened, he did not.

CHAPTER V.

"IS your head better, Jessie?"

The girl addressed slightly raised herself at the question and looked with dazed eyes at Miss Luxton's face.

"I—I do not know," she answered confusedly—"I feel so hot, so stupid. Have I been asleep long?"

"About an hour." Miss Luxton laid her cool fingers on the hot flushed cheeks, and brushed back the pretty golden hair from the burning temples. "Lie still, dear, and you shall see the doctor soon."

"I do not want the doctor. I want Eva; ask her to come?"

The woman bit her lip sharply, and the eyes that had softened with genuine and unselfish anxiety grew once more hard and bright.

"Mrs. Forrest cannot come," she explained with a cold decision that Jessie was wont to recognise as final; "but I am here, Jessie, to do anything you wish. Let me bathe your head, or read you to sleep. Come, dear, be reasonable. Did I not nurse you when you were ill, before Mrs. Forrest came?"

But Jessie, in her feverish irritation and pain, could not be reasonable, and only repeated her peevish broken cry.

"I want Eva—her hands are so cool, her voice is soft. Oh, she is cruel not to come!"

"She has other occupations," Miss Luxton broke in savagely—"she has no time now to spare for her husband or husband's sick child."

The girl's eyes, filled with an innocent wonder that was in itself a sharp rebuke, were raised slowly to her aunt's face.

"No time! Poor Eva has too much time," she observed in a tone that made her aunt's heart ache notwithstanding its jealous anger; "she is always longing for work to do."

"She has found it now, then," remarked Miss Luxton grimly.

But Jessie did not hear or heed her. She could not keep her attention fixed upon anything but the one craving desire for her step-mother's presence.

While Miss Luxton was still explaining and trying to make her niece understand that Eva had no wish to come, Jessie's mind began to wander again. She fell once more into the feverish lethargy, from which she only roused herself at long intervals to re-echo her piteous plaint—

"Eva, send for Eva—she is cruel not to come!"

Miss Luxton listened but did send for Mrs. Forrest—more, she resolved that if she could possibly prevent it Eva should not come.

"Let her amuse herself with her lover," she thought with savage bitterness; "the child at least is mine, and she shall not take her from me."

She sent a message to the doctor and another to Jessie's father; but she specially warned the messenger in each case not to alarm Mrs. Forrest, while Eva, who had felt of late that her step-daughter was being drawn slowly and surely away from her, did not even guess that she was seriously ill.

Jessie had been a little dull and low-spirited on the previous evening, and had not appeared at breakfast that day, an event sufficiently unusual to provoke inquiry but not to excite uneasiness, for the poor girl's health was always delicate, and she was subject to neuralgic headaches that often kept her prisoner the whole day.

"Her head was bad in the night; she is resting in my room," Miss Luxton had answered briefly, when Eva eagerly asked after Jessie. The allusion to "my room" effectually prevented the visit the young wife would otherwise have paid. She could not venture uninvited into Miss Luxton's sanctum, and there was a grimly forbidding look on that lady's face. So with a sorrowful little sigh Mrs. Forrest gave up that project as she relinquished so many others daily now.

"When Redmond comes, and he will be here to-morrow," she thought, "I shall see Jessie, and until then I will enjoy myself in my own fashion. Miss Luxton shall not see that she has the power to make me miserable."

Jessie's aunt, with all her burning hatred and malice to the girl who had thwarted her in the main object of her life, could hardly have desired to bring her into a more dangerous frame of mind than that in which her cousin found her when he called on one of the numerous pretences that he had found of late for a visit to Mrs. Forrest's house.

"Oh, Jack, how good of you to come so early!" she remarked, meeting him with sparkling eyes and outstretched hands of welcome. Perhaps the knowledge that Miss Luxton watched her from her seat in the flower-filled window made her a shade more effusive than she would otherwise have been. But she was in a reckless mood, and really almost as glad as she professed to be at her cousin's coming, a fact he noticed with an exultant thrill.

He however had no wish to irritate Miss Luxton, who was very likely on occasion, he thought, to prove a dangerous foe, so he answered with his usual languid ease that he had got the book Eva wished for and thought he would leave it, as he happened to be passing that way.

"Happened to be passing!" exclaimed Eva, elevating her pretty eyebrows in quick and rather exaggerated dismay. "Then you do not mean to stay, Jack? You mean to desert me after all?"

Jack Venables cast a rapid half-warning glance in the direction of the window; but the woman placidly stitching there did not even raise her head. They did not know that her every faculty was on the alert to gather evidence against them.

"I desert you? Could you think it, Eva?" the man replied in a hurried passionate whisper that brought the blood to the girl's face and a sudden terror, for which she scorned herself however the next moment, when he went on, with a careless laugh—

"To stay until when, Eva? And to protect you from what? Am I to be on guard here until the Professor's return?"

"Oh, dear, no! I am well guarded, I assure you"—with a saucy laugh, which made Regina grind her teeth and resolve to be avenged. "You need stay long to lunch and sacrifice yourself for our amusement; I have no doubt Miss Luxton will invite you. She is the chatelaine, you know; I am only Professor Forrest's wife."

Jack Venables glanced uncomfortably from the pretty angry face of the girl to the woman's grave one. Even Eva's welcome might be bought a little dearly, he thought.

It was pleasant to be so entreated by those pretty lips that had once bidden him a cold and stern farewell; but this time without success, as Regina did not even raise her head or seem to hear him.

"Never mind, Jack," remarked Eva, noticing her cousin's discomfiture; "I think you may take Miss Luxton's welcome for granted. We have had one tete-a-tete meal already and desperately tired of each other's company."

"One tete-a-tete meal?" Jack cried, seizing eagerly on that one portion of the sentence that he could touch without aggravating the offensiveness. "That reminds me to ask where my friend Miss Jessie is to-day? Not ill, I hope?"

Eva turned her head abruptly, but not before Jack had seen the sudden flash of the soft eyes and the passionate quiver of the delicate lips. He guessed then at the pain her flippant words had covered, and his own heart throbbed a little faster.

"Yes—she is ill; she is always delicate," Miss Luxton answered after a slight reflective pause, during which she had been busily occupied in rolling up her work and putting it away with the careful neatness that distinguished her. "Your luncheon will be a tete-a-tete one, after all, Mrs. Forrest. I shall take mine with Jessie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.—A tourist wandering alone upon the edge of a bog at the foot of Ben Nevis had the misfortune to miss the proper path and stumbled into a bog, where, ere long, his struggling served to sink him to his armpits in the tenacious mire. In this terrible plight he espied a stout Highlander not far away, to whom he cried out at the top of his voice—

"Ho—what ho, Donald! Here—come here!"

"My name is not Donald," the Highlander said, approaching the spot.

"Never mind what your name is! Do you see the plight I am in? I can never get of this alone."

"Indeed, mon, I dinna think you can." And with that he turned away.

"Good Heaven, are you going to leave me here to die?" the tourist cried.

"Eh—d'you want me to help you?"

"Do I want you to help? What can I do else?"

"Sure, I didna know."

"Will you help me?"

"Ay—if you want me."

"Oh, help, help, help me, in Heaven's name!"

"Indeed, mon, why didn't you ask that in the first place?"

And the Highlander quickly lifted him out and set him on hard ground.

WANTED MORE.—A mourning husband came to the bust of his deceased wife.

"Pray study it well," said the sculptor. "It is only in clay, and I can alter it."

The widower looked at it with the most tender interest.

"It is her very self," he exclaimed—"her large nose—the sign of goodness!" Then bursting into tears he added—"My poor darling was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

A DAY-DREAM.

BY H. P. A.

I went roaming in the morning,
At the earliest dawn of day,
While the little birds were singing,
And as merry too as they.
But I heard a voice still sweeter,
And I saw a face so fair
That my heart began a-beating,
And I lost it then and there.

But my dream was quickly over,
Not a trace was left to tell
Of the charm so sweet and tender
That had bound me with its spell;
Save that mem'ry mourns in secret
With a love that cannot die,
For the pleasant dream that came to me
In these happy days gone by.

The Virtue In "If."

BY H. P. L.

[Continued from last week.]

THE conservatory proved very interesting. Veronica loved flowers, and never showed to such advantage as when amidst them. As she moved to and fro amongst the plants, daintily touching a blossom here and there, and explaining their respective characteristics and merits, Mr. Vane, who followed her closely, grew quite enamored, and each moment thought her more and more charming. When at length she proposed a move, she found him unwilling to depart from the conservatory.

Reflecting that Mary might not even yet be quite ready she settled herself for a few moments in a leaning position near the open door, still holding her flowers in her hands. An arching branch of blossoming wisteria hung over her head, her attitude was gracefully careless, and the consciousness that it was her hidden duty to entertain this young man a little longer, gave her manner a frank ease, seldom observable in her when in the presence of her mother and sisters. She talked for a little while as though enjoying herself thoroughly, then said with almost a girlish laugh:

"How remiss I am! I have been proudly showing you all our flowers, but have never offered you even a bud."

Theodore felt glad at that moment that he had not accepted the Rector's offer of a rosebud. Utterly forgetting Mary's existence, he pressed closed up to Veronica's side, and looking at her very tenderly said:

"Give me one of those sweet white roses in the front of your dress."

Rather shyly, for his sudden change of manner had taken her by surprise, she detached a rose and gave it to him. He took it, also the hand that offered it, and with a deep blush Veronica looked up at him. Her eyes were pretty and soft, and a blush was very becoming to her somewhat pale face. For the moment she looked a young girl.

Suddenly, before she could realize what was happening, she found herself receiving a proposal. In her confusion and astonishment her first impulse was to refuse it.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, drawing back tremblingly, "it is impossible. You cannot think of me in that way."

This little demur on her part acted as a fillip to Theodore. His ardor increased on the spot, and so fervent did he become, and so vehemently did he press his cause, Veronica at length could not but believe his happiness hung upon her answer.

"You really love me?" she asked, looking wistfully up at him.

Theodore's answer was absolutely impassioned.

Veronica's eyes wandered out to the lawn. For years she had had an empty feeling in her heart. For years she had longed for that greatest of all good gifts, the true love of her womanhood had so far lived only in her dreams, but never had she pictured him like Mr. Vane. The dream-lover was older, more cultivated, a man of stronger character and finer mould. But he still lurked vaguely in dreamland, and here was a flesh and blood lover at her feet. Should she—should she not—oh should she—take him?

Round the corner came suddenly the clatter of tea-cups and the high voices of girls. Tea had appeared on the lawn, and with it the family—Veronica's step-mother and step-sisters. None of them gave her much love, all of them would be glad to have her out of the way. Here, close to her side, was the only man who had offered to take her away since the lover of her youth had died; possibly no one might ever again make to her such a proposal. If she refused this chance she might remain at the Grove—unloved, unwanted—to the end.

Again Mr. Theodore Vane pressed his suit. A quarter of an hour later he joined the tea-party on the lawn, an accepted lover.

Veronica could not face the family. She went straight to her room, and left her fiance to break the news over the tea-table. He executed the task very bunglingly. For some time he could not make either mother or daughters understand, and when at last he did force the truth upon their comprehension he was quite disconcerted by the manner in which they received the news.

They were at first too amazed for anything but silence, and their congratulations, when at last given, were cold in the extreme. Nothing could have been flatter. Theodore's spirits sank steadily as tea progressed; he noticed that Mary was now faultlessly attired, and with a faint pang of fear he began to wonder whether, after all, he could have made a mistake. A remark Mrs. Hooker had made rankled unpleasantly in his mind.

"We can't help being surprised," she had said, "for somehow we had got into a way of regarding Veronica as quite a confirmed spinster, and you seem so young."

It annoyed him to think that anyone could speak of the girl—no, he realized he could not use the term girl—the lady he had just proposed to, as a "confirmed spinster. It meant nothing more or less than an "old maid." Just a polite way of saying "old maid." Not pleasant to hear one's fiancee called "an old maid," however politely it might be put.

"If only she had been a few years younger," he said to himself, looking half regretfully at the now spick-and-span Mary.

Of course he stayed to dinner. Mrs. Hooker could scarcely do less than ask him; under the circumstances, he could scarcely do less than remain. But the evening was not a success. Mrs. Hooker and the girls were dull. Veronica wore a pretty dress, but she looked pale, her manner was constrained, the frank, almost girlish gaiety, which had characterized it when alone with Theodore had left her, she was not the charming Veronica of the conservatory. Had Theodore known of the very trying moments she had gone through with the family before dinner, possibly unfavorable criticism would have changed into tender sympathy. I say possibly, for no one could prophesy the course Theodore's mind would take with any assurance.

The girls had rushed up into Veronica's room as soon as the tea hour was over.

"Well, Veronica! I never thought before that you were so deep," exclaimed Mary indignantly.

"Deep!" cried Veronica, drawing herself up a little haughtily; "I don't understand you, Mary; how have I been deep?"

"You can't deny that you kept it all very dark," said Lizzie, also indignantly. "And all the time you tried to give us to understand that you knew he preferred us—preferred Mary, I mean, and that you were doing your best to leave the coast clear for her."

"Until to-day, Lizzie, I was as ignorant as you as to what Mr. Vane's intentions might be."

"Of course she was," chimed in Daisy. "What are you accusing her like this for? Mr. Vane has unexpectedly chosen her, and there's an end to it."

"Go away, Daisy, or else hold your tongue," said Lizzie angrily.

"Shan't," said Daisy. She was the only one in the family who understood Veronica at all, and something in her step-sister's pale disturbed face made her determined to stay, and if need be, champion her on this trying occasion.

"What's this? What's this?" cried Mrs. Hooker rustling into the room. "Daisy, I often hear you speaking rudely to your sisters, you should remember they are older than you are. Dear me, Veronica, Mr. Vane certainly has taken us by surprise! We should never ourselves have thought of such a match as suitable. So young a man!"

"He is exactly my own age, mother," put in Veronica, turning her face a little aside, and playing with the things on the toilet-table.

"Oh, indeed! I should never have thought that. However, it is a very good match from a pecuniary point of view, which no doubt has weighed with you."

"No," said Veronica in a low tone, "it was not the thought of his money which weighed with me."

Lizzie gave a little incredulous laugh.

"He certainly did behave at one time as if it were Mary he had a fancy for," went on Mrs. Hooker, "and I cannot understand what made him veer round to you so suddenly. I hope he knows his own mind, and will be faithful to you. You were of course quite justified in taking him at his word, for chances don't come often, once a girl has passed her youth. I really hope you may be very happy."

Then to the astonishment of the family, the usually self-contained Veronica turned upon them a face streaming with tears.

"Oh," she said passionately, "I do hope I may be happy. I do pray I may at last find love and happiness. I have longed for it so long, so very long. Can you not understand, all of you, that it is not the money, or the mere fact of marrying, but it is the home of my own—the love—that I need? Girls, have none of you one kind word for me at such a time?"

Daisy sprang forward and gave her a warm embrace, tears in her own beautiful eyes. The elder girls also came and kissed her, and looking rather shamefaced, tried to offer hearty congratulations. They were all touched by the sight of Veronica's emotion; though selfish, they were not bad at heart. For a moment Mrs. Hooker looked half inclined to take offence.

"Really, Veronica! You talk as if we had not made you happy here," she said.

Then better feelings prevailed, and she too went up to Veronica and kissed her.

So the little scene ended better than it began. But strong emotion leaves its mark behind it, and this mark was written in pale unbecoming characters on Veronica's face when she sat down to the dinner-table by the side of her critical lover.

Late that night Daisy stole into her step-sister's room. Veronica was in bed and the room was dark.

"Veronica, are you awake?" she asked softly.

"Yes, Daisy dear; what is it?"

"I wanted to come and talk to you. I feel that we have not made you so happy here as we might have done. We, who are the real interlopers in this home. Have you done this, Veronica, to get away from us, or do you really love Mr. Vane?"

For a moment Veronica lay silent in the darkness. "Don't ask such very searching questions, Daisy dear," she said at length faintly.

"Well, let me say one thing. Don't marry Mr. Vane unless you are sure he will make you happy. Somehow I don't feel as if he were the right man for you. In spite of his money and his handsome face, he is not good enough for you. Vera dear, if you change your mind and think you'd like to stay on here better than to marry Mr. Vane, remember one thing—and this is what I came to say: I shall always, always, be nice to you in the future."

"Dear Daisy, you have seldom been anything but nice, and I shall not change my mind."

"You know, Vera," went on Daisy a little nervously as though not sure of her ground, "I have always had a sort of feeling that Mr. Pindar would like to have you for his wife."

"Mr. Pindar! I never thought of him! I do not believe he has ever thought of me, in that way. He is not a marrying man. He has always said plainly he cannot afford to marry."

"All the same, he is in love with you," said Daisy, speaking now with more confidence. "Oh, the bright eye of a Daisy is very sharp. Now, he is a gentleman!"

"Do you mean to imply that Mr. Vane is not?" asked Veronica uneasily.

"Oh no! of course he's one, by birth and all that. I mean—in himself, he can't compare with Mr. Pindar as a gentleman."

Again Veronica lay silent in the dark. She may in her heart have recognized the truth of her younger sister's criticisms, but she did not choose to say so. Her silence made Daisy feel she must say nothing more either in the shape of remonstrance or suggestion. So with the versatility of youth she began to discuss the coming wedding, and dilated on the pleasure it would give her to come and stay with Veronica when she was married. The frivolous element she thus introduced did Veronica good, and made her forget for the time being some misgivings, which, unknown to everyone, she shared in common with Daisy. Her young sister left her happier than she found her.

Theodore stayed a week with Mr. Pindar in the character of an engaged man. Daily visits were paid by him to his lady-love. His behavior during these visits was not altogether satisfactory; in fact it excited much comment from the family. With a new-born kindness, though, they forbore to make their comments in Veronica's presence.

No one could have failed to observe that as a lover Theodore was variable. Sometimes he was very attentive, at others almost neglectful, devoting himself to the younger girl, as if he found the change from Veronica so refreshing. Veronica bore this occasional neglect with a good deal of quiet dignity. It must have mortified her to find that her lover could attach himself to a sister for a whole afternoon, and almost ignore her presence, but no word expressive of mortification ever escaped her lips.

At the end of a week Theodore began to get restless, and said he must really go and see about furnishing up Woodleigh Manor for the reception of his bride. So escorted by Mr. Pindar, he walked up to the Grove one morning to bid them all farewell. The Hooker family came en masse into the drawing-room to see them, and Theodore was particularly agreeable and lively, his good spirits under the circumstances taking everyone a little by surprise. He quite monopolized the conversation, and descanted at great length on all he intended to do at Woodleigh Manor. Of course he should write to Veronica every day, and in a month's time he hoped to run up and pay her a short visit.

Then when the date fixed for the marriage drew near he should come to the Stainbourne Arms with his best man, and Pindar, like the brick he was, had promised to put up one or two friends who might like to be present at the ceremony. So he ran on, and the family sat and smiled, and Veronica listened with burning cheeks, and seemed to find the publicity of the affair a little trying.

"We won't have a grand wedding, I think, Veronica?" remarked Theodore at length, for the first time addressing his lady-love particularly.

"Certainly not, if you prefer a quiet one," answered Veronica coloring still more deeply, and looking very embarrassed. Mr. Pindar glanced curiously at her, then turned his eyes quickly away as though the sight pained him.

"Yes, I think I prefer a quiet one. A fuss and a crowd of people detract from the solemnity of the occasion, don't you think?"

Lizzie gave a faint derisive sounding little sniff and looked at Mary, who gave a tiny but intelligent sniff in reply.

Theodore went on regardless of sniffs. "We'll have the immediate relations and friends, a nice friendly little breakfast—and away," he said importantly.

Again Veronica blushed deeply, and again Mr. Pindar just glanced at her.

Blushes became Veronica, she looked unusually pretty and young in her embarrassment. Her lover evidently thought so, for at this point he rose, and with almost an impassioned air asked her to come out with him into the garden.

We will not describe this parting scene. Suffice it to say that Theodore's fervency on the occasion amply atoned for two or three afternoons of neglect, and he left Veronica with quite a warm glow in her heart. Love was sweet, she felt, even—even if the lover were not quite an ideal lover.

"The dear girl!" exclaimed Theodore dramatically as he walked down the drive. "I could hardly tear myself away from her, Pindar. You have no idea what a hold she has taken on my heart. I feel as if I could not live through two long months without seeing her."

"I thought you intended going down to see her at end of a month," observed Mr. Pindar, drily.

"Oh yes, of course, I forgot—so I am," said Theodore, looking a little disconcerted. "I remember now, I did say so."

"I trust your memory will serve you better when the month is up," said the Rector sharply. Then as though sorry to have spoken sharply, he hooked his arm through the younger man's and tried to discuss pleasantly with him the details of the approaching wedding.

"Keep an eye on the sweet girl, and let me know at once if she has even a finger-ache," were Theodore's last words to his friend as the train bore him away.

A month passed. Theodore wrote every day with unfailing regularity to his fiancee, and sent besides frequent letters to Mr. Pindar. Judging by his letters, preparations were being built on to the Manor, with a smoking room opening out of it, all to please the bride. The stables, also, were being enlarged, and two valuable hunters had been brought and were now waiting, like the bride, to be installed. Veronica did not hunt, but Theo-

dore, having made no inquiries on the point, could not be expected to know this, so his kindness remained the same.

Naturally, these extensive alterations required constant supervision, so at the end of a month he found it impossible to get away, and had to forego the promised visit to his fiancee. This, so he said to Veronica, gave him great grief; but, as he said to Mr. Pindar, there was so much to think of, and so much to do, he had no time for idle repining. His evenings, though, would have been very dull—this also was to Mr. Pindar—had it not been for the society of some old friends who had lately returned to the neighborhood; Captain and Mrs. Blake, and their only child, a daughter named Celia. For two years they had been traveling for Celia's benefit, and the two years had improved Celia wonderfully. She had been charming as a school-girl, she was now lovely, quite the belle of the neighborhood. The Blakes' little placed adjoined his property. Most kind people. He could turn in there every evening if he chose, always certain of his welcome. Celia was as musical as she was lovely, quite an acquisition, would be a delightful companion for Veronica, though, of course, years younger. Had he mentioned that the intended billiard-room was to be changed into a music-room? Celia had suggested it, she was so fond of music, and he thought it a capital suggestion.

On the receipt of a letter from Theodore, the Rector usually walked up to the Grove and gave the Hookers the benefit of the news it contained, but on this occasion he departed from his usual custom and did not walk up to the Grove; neither, when he next met the family, did he mention Celia.

The alterations seemed to make slow progress, in spite of Theodore's constant supervision of labor. The wedding had to be postponed; impossible to bring the bride to a scene of such great disorder. It was now fixed for the second week in October, six weeks later than the date originally fixed. Towards the end of September Theodore in a letter to Mr. Pindar hinted at the possible necessity for a further adjournment, but received a sharp letter from the Rector in reply.

"It does not look well when a man hangs back," the latter wrote, "and your fiancee's position is beginning to be a little trying. Her family were not pleased at the last postponement, and any further delay might expose her to humiliating remarks. I think, judging from a remark Daisy let fall, that they have all felt you might have spared a few days to Veronica, her distance from you not being great, and your time being quite your own. I am certain Veronica has felt it; she has been looking both pale and depressed. I should be sorry to think a friend of mine was behaving badly."

By return of post came Theodore's reply. It had a startling effect on the Rector. He set his teeth as he read, and his eyes glittered with a light before which Theodore, had he been present, would have paled and trembled. Thus ran the letter—

"DEAR PINDAR.—I am in a terrible mess. For mercy's sake lend me a helping hand. I cannot marry Veronica. I have no fault to find with her, but, I may as well confess the truth, I love Celia. I never meant to tell Celia, but she has found it out and has confessed she is not indifferent to me. Of course she knows nothing of this previous engagement, and I am anxious neither she nor her parents should ever know. Veronica is the difficulty. How will she take it? Will she create a scandal? Dear old friend, for the sake of old times, go up and try to arrange the matter quietly. Tell her I honor and respect her deeply, and all that sort of thing, but that my heart, in spite of all my effort, has gone to another. Gild the pill as much as you like, tell her I am prepared to make any money sacrifice, if that would compromise the matter."

The Rector read no further. With a fierce gesture he dashed the letter to the ground, and crushed it beneath his heel.

"The cur! The mean contemptible hound!" he exclaimed, pacing up and down his study floor like an angry lion. "No fault to find with her! with her! that angel! How dare he? Actually engaging himself to Celia, whilst Veronica, sweetest of women, waits for him, and prepares for her wedding-day. How dare he offer her his dirty money? And Celia is not to know! The dastard! Celia and her parents shall hear the whole story from me to-morrow. But Veronica! Oh heavens! how tell that long-tried, sensitive creature so vile an insult has been offered her! Why does he add to his selfish cruelty by deputing me to be his emissary?"

The Rector sat down on a chair against the wall, looking pale and unnerved, and began to speak to himself in short sentences, as a man in a dream.

"He asks me to go up and stab—the woman I love. The woman I love. How will she take it? How am I to soften the insult? What can I say—what say—to the woman I love? Tell her I rejoice in her escape?—the woman I love?"

Suddenly the Rector's strong hands began to tremble, and quite vacantly he gazed across the room at the wall facing him, of which he saw nothing.

"She is free!" he said, as if the thought had just occurred to him. "She is free—the woman I love."

Then he fell on his knees, and for a moment there was a sound as of weeping in the room. Only for a moment. The strong man conquered his weakness, and with characteristic promptitude prepared for action. First he dashed off a note to Theodore.

"I go," he said, "to expose you in your true colors to the Hooker family, and to congratulate Miss Hooker on her escape from so pitiful, so contemptible a creature as you. At the same time do not imagine this matter will be suffered to drop without my taking some speedy action in the matter, or that you will escape the obloquy you deserve. I need scarcely add that you will never again be suffered to dishonor my Rectory with your presence; but to-morrow I visit your neighborhood, and unless you wish to ensure a horse-whipping, I should advise you to try a change to a foreign climate for a season, and to keep out of my way."

The note finished, he took up his hat and prepared to leave for the Grove. As he crossed the hall he caught sight of the reflection of his agitated face in the mirror; he stopped and tried to compose himself.

"I wonder if this coat is good enough to go up in," he murmured, and then gave a strange little laugh, remembering Theodore had used almost the same words a few months ago when he started for the Grove—and came back engaged to Veronica. Dismissing the coat question quickly, as though ashamed so trivial a matter should occupy his mind at such a time, he stepped quickly out and strode across the garden.

But all the way to the Grove six words haunted and agitated him. "And came back engaged to Veronica." He tried to escape from their haunting persistence, and to frame in his mind the words he should speak when he came face to face with Veronica, and had to break the news to her; but none that were suitable occurred to him. Never before had the self-reliant Rector felt so discomposed, so uncertain how to deal with a situation.

When he neared the Grove, he saw Daisy leaning carelessly against one of the pillars of the entrance gate, almost as if she were waiting for him to appear. As he came up she gave a glance at his agitated face, then said quickly:

"Who do you want to see?"

"Your sister—Veronica."

"Don't go to the house—she is in there," pointing to a little wood to the left. "Oh, Mr. Pindar! I am so sorry for her."

"What? Does she know? Has the villain written to her?"

"Yes, and mentioned having also written to you. I felt you would come at once to help Veronica. That is why I am waiting to tell you where to find her."

"Daisy! What shall I say to her?"

Daisy looked embarrassed.

"You must speak for yourself," she said, after a slight pause.

"Do they know—the others—up at the house?"

"Not yet. Telling them will be to her the bitterest part of it all. Mr. Pindar, is there—is there no one who loves her well enough to take her away from the Grove, where she is so unhappy?"

For a moment—a moment full of meaning and emotion—the girl's blue eyes met the man's dark brown ones; then with a blush Daisy fled, and without a word the Rector turned and plunged into the wood. He had not to go far. Veronica was seated on a tree stump a little way back from the narrow path which led through the wood. She rose when she saw the Rector coming, and tried to greet him naturally, but in her sensitive face he read, as clearly as if she had expressed it, all she was feeling and suffering. The mortification, the wounded pride, the desperate struggle to keep up a brave appearance, and save what she could of her insulted woman's dignity.

"Thank you so much for coming," she said, her eyes downcast, her mouth quivering. "He said he had asked you to come to explain, to exonerate, but I wish for no explanations, don't trouble to exonerate him——"

"Exonerate him!" exclaimed the Rector, sudden anger almost choking him for a moment. "The coward! Exonerate him!"

"Let it pass. The loss of him is nothing. He was unworthy. I felt it; in my heart I felt it all along. But—Mr. Pindar, if you will tell mother, if you will only tell mother. Spare me that. You don't know how trying it has been at home. And now, oh, now, my life will be very bitter!"

"It shall not be bitter," burst forth the Rector passionately. "Give it to me, give it to me, Veronica. Give it to me, who love you, who have loved you for years beyond everything in the world. Give me your life, Veronica. Let me take you away from this home in which you have been so unhappy, to one in which you will be adored. Come and fill my empty heart, come and brighten my loveless home—Veronica! Dearest, sweetest, loveliest, oh come away with me—with me, who love you."

No words can describe the tumult of feeling which surged up in Veronica's heart as she listened to these impassioned words. Amazement, sudden deep conviction of the new lover's absolute truth and sincerity, a quick answering of love to love, intense relief and joy, succeeded each other with lightning rapidity. In two moments, as though by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, the world changed for Veronica. Here was the dream-lover of her womanhood, come at last, flesh and blood, stood close to her, absolutely satisfying, true, oh, who could doubt it, true to the core. No more bitterness, no more lovelessness, no more aching of heart. The dull cloud which year by year had been pressing lower and lower upon her had rolled away, and the brightness of heaven seemed suddenly to stream in upon her. Her new-found, unexpected happiness did for her what insult and misery had failed to do—it broke her down. She covered her face with her delicate hands, and burst into sobbing as abandoned and uncontrollable as that of a child.

Very tenderly, almost as if she had been a child, the Rector tried to soothe her. He took her into his arms, and pressed the fair head down upon his broad breast, and let her sob there, until the overcharged heart found relief, and some measure of calmness was restored.

And all the time he spoke to her words which were as balm to the long-tried, sensitive soul.

"And now, dearest, it is your turn to speak," he said at last. "Can I, dare I hope that you will love me?"

"I think," answered Veronica in a low voice, "I think I must have loved you unknowingly all the time. I seemed to recognize you when you said you loved me; to recognize you as the one I had been longing for, as the one man in the world who could make me absolutely happy."

"Then you will be my wife, my own dearly-loved wife? You will let me take you away from the Grove—soon—soon?"

"If—if you wish it," said Veronica, again trying to hide her flushed face with her hands.

"If!" cried the Rector, gently pulling her hands away, and stooping his face over hers.

There was much virtue in that "If."

[THE END.]

A POPULAR KNIFE.—The assassination of President Carnot has made the fortune of the hardware dealer in Oette where Caserio bought the knife with which he committed his crime. The man's name is Guillaume. Since the origin of the knife became known, no day has passed without Guillaume's receiving orders for the "Carnot poignard." These orders come not only from France, but also from foreign countries, in such numbers that the dealer cannot fill them. One house in Brussels alone ordered 300.

SO INSIDIOUS ARE THE FIRST APproaches of Consumption that thousands remain unconscious of its presence until it has brought them to the verge of the grave. An immediate resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, upon the first appearance of Cough, Pain or Soreness of the Throat or Chest, would very generally preclude a fatal result, or, in case the symptoms indicate the presence of Latent Consumption, would tend to subdue the violence of the disease, and thus materially assist in prolonging the life of the patient. Use the Expectorant therefore when you take a Cold, and by so doing prevent the necessity for its use in more dangerous complaints.

Scientific and Useful.

CIGARETTES.—Self lighting cigarettes—i. e., tipped with an igniting preparation—are the invention of a St. Petersburg druggist. He has sold the patent for $30,000.

FOR BEDS. In many parts of Germany and Denmark beech-leaves and bracken-fronde are used to stuff mattresses and cushions. The household insect pests of the poor people, it is said, cannot exist in such beds.

FOR TESTS.—A good test for gold or silver is a piece of lunar caustic, fixed with a pointed piece of wood. Slightly wet the metal to be tested, and rub it gently with the caustic. If gold or silver, the mark will be faint; but if an inferior metal, it will be quite black. Jewelers who purchase old gold often use this test.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. As a varnish for a burn it is softer than collodion, and, being at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain.

LIQUID FISH.—Fish are reduced to small pieces, mixed with a suitable quantity of water and cooked in a close vessel by means of steam, the temperature being raised to 100°—170° C. When all the soluble parts have been extracted by the water, the liquid is first passed through a sieve and, after skimming off the fatty matter, it constitutes the fish essence, which may be used as food, either alone or in conjunction with other nutritious substances. The waste parts of the fish, together with what remains on the sieve, are use for manure, after being first mixed with a suitable amount of lime, clay or similar diluent.

NEW SIGNALING APPARATUS.—A new signaling apparatus, the joint invention of Prince Louis of Battenburg and Captain Percy Scott, of the Ordnance Committee, has been fitted for trial on board the Insolent at Portsmouth, England. The advantages claimed for it are clearness, certainty, and rapidity in the transmission of orders by the Morse system of telegraphy. It consists of a collapsible canvas sphere constructed with ribs somewhat like an umbrella, and is made to open and close by means of movable collars attached to the mast. The collars are connected with rods which pass through the interior of the mast to the lower deck and are actuated by levers worked within the protection of the side armor in battle ships or beneath the protection decks of cruisers.

Farm and Garden.

GRAPES.—A French method of preserving grapes is to place a shoot bearing a couple of bunches of sound grapes in a bottle filled with water containing charcoal in solution.

FOOTROT.—Foot-rot in sheep prevails mostly when the animals are kept on damp ground. They also succumb to damp quarters. When disease breaks out in a flock it usually spreads rapidly.

THE FARM.—If our farms are producing more every year it may be stated that the population is also increasing, and the demand will keep pace with the supply. When there is plenty there is also greater consumption, as more food is used by each individual as well as a greater variety.

LIVING.—There are many farmers who would be in better circumstances and live more comfortably if they would raise a variety of those articles required for their own tables. Selling the best and consuming the most unpalatable is an unsatisfactory condition and is not encouraging to the younger persons on the farm.

UNDERDRAINING.—Every farmer who has had experience with underdraining knows that at the outlet of drains, no matter how clear the water may be, there is more or less sediment. This gradually accumulates, and as the bacteria in it multiplies there is danger that the water may become offensive, if not actually filthy.

ROTATION.—Rotation of crops enables the soil to produce larger amounts with less manure every year. There is always a large proportion of unused plant food in the soil that is adapted for one kind of crop, and which is not favorable to the growth of some other kind. By rotation of crops the loss of fertility is equalized and the cost of production lessened.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

On Irresolution.

It is not always the biggest faults that are marked by the most staring labels. Mankind has a few show-weaknesses which it boldly scores as sins, and thus it earns the right, it supposes, to let many less obtrusive mistakes slip by unacknowledged. Yet these quiet sneaking follies bring more misery in the long run than the vices which we so ostentatiously denounce.

Irresolution, for example, seems a comparatively simple weakness, innocuous, contemptible, not rankly bad; and yet it has filled the world with failures. Few people deserve our pity more than they who cannot "make up their mind." For it is an ever-present torment. All the sensational weaknesses of human nature come seldom—perhaps every week, or day, or, in rare cases, every hour—but the man who cannot make up his mind may be tormented at any minute and every minute. He is never safe. A thousand unsolved conundrums are always dinning his ears. He lives in misery, and he knows he will end in failure. There is nothing too trivial for him to turn over pro and con., to weigh in a judicial balance, and then to hesitate in miserable suspense for a conclusion which never authoritatively announces itself. The waverer is the most hopeless of mankind. The world will not tolerate him. It may be worth our while to try to make much of the drawbacks of irresolution.

Irresolution has its first and second course. There is the man who cannot make up his mind as to which is the best plan to pursue; and then, worse still, there are the wavering and the quailing that prevent plans that are fully accepted from being promptly put into action. One wonders that irresolution is not driven off by a desire for ease of mind, if for no better reason.

The irresolute man can be his own master only by fits and starts. He drifts before the prevailing gusts of opinion; he lends himself to be played upon by men of stronger will and steadier aims. A very large part of the influence exercised by the ambitious, the clever, the energetic, the forceful, and the astute is gained less by the power of their character than through the yielding of their weaker neighbors. All the irresolute people around them are their instruments. They are well aware that a multitude of their fellows prefer to be commanded; these weaklings dislike having to make a decision, they dread taking the initiative, they are never content unless they are sheltered to leeward of somebody. Give them a sense of safety and let who will be enterprising. It is upon the subservience of men of this type of character that the strong man reckons when he sets out in pursuit of his purposes.

The irresolute are pawns played in the game of life by the clear-headed and flexible who know their own mind and have determined upon the route to the goal they have in view. While the resolute man has his way cleared before him by his resolution, so that many of his opponents capitulate without a blow being struck, difficulties pile themselves in the path of the waverer.

The schoolmaster who is weak and undecided, for example, has to encounter a hundred perplexities which the determined uncompromising teacher never knows. Human nature takes advantage of weakness wherever it finds an easy chance. When we wish to parley with any one so as to gain a concession, if we open the talk in a faltering way, we court a refusal, whereas quiet confidence without self-assertion would certainly at any rate have secured a hearing.

Perhaps the most familiar and most lamentable instance of irresolution raising up difficulties may be observed in the case of weak parents whose judgment and decisions are not trusted by their children. The household without a governing will is as helpless as a rudderless ship, and is quite as likely to come to grief. Happily, when the father is invertebrate, the mother not unfrequently realizes the danger in time and insensibly becomes the controlling power, and saves the confusion of conflicting wills that would otherwise wreck the family peace.

Another cause of irresolution besides a want of self-confidence is the absence of any overmastering motive for action. The least combative of mortals will be nerved to activity by a whole-hearted belief in a cause that seems to him great and fateful. Education and culture, looked at from a practical point of view, have often taken the steel out of natures that might have been strong and effective if they had not been sapped by the suspicion that "there's nothing new and nothing true, and no matter." The lackadaisical college man, for example, often does not "go nearly so far," to use a slang phrase, as the indifferently-educated competitor who has not had all his beliefs polished out of him.

Strong religious or political opinions, ambition love of money, fear of dependence—any motive strong enough to lift a man out of the stupor of laziness is a godsend. Even where there is a strong motive and confidence in the reasoning that has pointed out a certain course as the wisest a want of pluck will sometimes hold back the irresolute man from doing that which his mind and heart alike sanction.

We are well aware that there are drawbacks to strength of character and unfaltering resolution. We love the weaker men the more. Resolution is stern, isolated, proud, self-sufficient, conquering. The number of those who can be firm yet gentle is not large. If the irresolute are not greatly respected, at least nobody has cause to fear them; they are not tyrannical, hard, implacable. The strong men have given the world an undue proportion of its bad men. How to be resolute and yet not repulsively hard and unbending is the problem.

Which are the more irresolute—men or women? These comparisons between the sexes are seldom fair, for women have not had the training that acquaintance with practical affairs has given men generation after generation. Yet, in spite of that want of experience, when women have an adequate motive to call forth their energies, they are more constant, untiring, and determined than men.

No further illustration need be given than the marvellous manner in which widows bring up their families. A man left with a family is a helpless creature. A woman, in similar circumstances, will do all that a man fails to do, and all that he does besides, for the benefit of the household. A question of greater importance is—Can irresolution be conquered and promptness in thought and action be acquired? While it is impossible for the unstable and wavering man who shuffles along the street with an apologetic cringe to transform himself into the likeness of his neighbors whose every turn and motion betoken energy, grip and decision, the strengthening of character by fighting against irresolution is within the reach of all of us, provided the motive for self-discipline is sufficiently strong.

THE words "right" and "wrong" have been thought sufficient to classify actions—the words "good" and "bad" to classify character. Advancing intelligence however has shown us that there is no such rough and rigid division—that countless varieties of motives, mingling and intermingling, cause equal varieties in character and an equal number of shades of right and of wrong actions. Indeed the intricate combination of these for ever forbids any positive or dogmatic conclusions concerning even the quality of a single action, much more concerning the character of a single action, much more concerning the character of a single person.

THE strength of a nation is in the intelligence and purity of its people, and that intelligence and purity are best secured by the circulation among them of the elements which contribute to the health of body and mind; and this circulation is brought about by their protection in the enjoyment of personal security, the advantages of education, and wages adequate to their proper maintenance.

IT is to labor and to labor only that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage, that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields, that has covered the earth with cities and the ocean with ships, that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism.

THERE are thousands with princely incomes who never know a minute's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is more happiness among the working men in the world than among those who are called rich.

YOU are to consider that learning is of great use to society; and though it may not add to the stock, it is a necessary vehicle to transmit it to others. Learned men are the cisterns of knowledge, not the fountain heads.

WE perhaps never detect how much of our social demeanor is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple. Without the beauty, we are apt to call simplicity awkwardness.

THE disposition of a mind that is truly great is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befall ourselves, great and lamentable when they befall other men.

CREDIT is a matter so subtle in its essence that, as it may be obtained almost without reason, so without reason may it be made to melt away.

As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear; but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye.

WE all laugh at pursuing a shadow, though the lives of the multitude are devoted to the chase.

MAN never gains anything so valuable as a good wife, nor anything worse than a bad one.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G.—Peter Cooper died in New York city on April 4, 1883, aged 92.

L. C. P.—The game of dominoes has been traced by some authors to the Greeks, Hebrews and Chinese. It was introduced into France from Italy about the middle of the last century.

POET.—Formica is simply the Latin word for "ant." Formic acid is one of the constituents of a fluid which ants emit when they are irritated. Chloroform has no connection with ants.

G. T. M.—There are nine navy yards in the United States, situated at Brooklyn, Gosport, Charlestown Kittery, League Island, Mare Island, New London (unfinished), Pensacola and Washington.

R. V.—Papias was an early Christian writer, Bishop of Hieropolis in Phrygia. He entertained the idea that there will be for one thousand years after the resurrection from the dead a bodily reign of Christ on earth; and from him millenarians were sometimes called Papianists.

L. L.—Rabbits are said to live eight or nine years. They begin to breed at the age of six months, have several litters in a year, and five to eight at a time. It has been estimated that in four years a single pair of rabbits would, if unmolested, become the progenitors of more than 1,250,000.

W. A.—Charles Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, on February 7th, 1812; he died at Gadshill, near Rochester, on June 9, 1870, in his fifty-eighth year, of an effusion of the brain, the result of overwork. Opinions differ as to which of his works is the best. Probably, if the question could be put to the vote, "David Copperfield" would receive a majority.

E. J.—Angostura bark is the bark of a South American tree, growing on the Orinoco River, and especially on the Caroni, Venezuela. It has a peculiar and disagreeable smell when fresh, and a bitter and slightly aromatic taste. It is sometimes used in medicine as an aromatic tonic. By the natives it is employed to intoxicate fish. In America it is used for the well-known "bitters."

LOUIS.—Buff leather was a strong soft preparation of bull's or elk's hide, which was worn under mail armor of the middle ages, to deaden the effects of a blow. When the use of armor was given up, buff coats which would turn a broadside cut were often worn in lieu of it. Modern buff leather, of which soldiers' crossbelts and other accoutrements are often made, is for the most part composed of common buckskin.

W. S. M.—1. Scattered along the coast of Ireland are 196 islands, the coast line being about 750 miles long. 2. Ireland has ninety harbors, fourteen of which receive ships of any draught. There are also numerous inlets which afford a shelter to the largest fishing craft. 3. The lighthouses number 62, of which 26 are first-class. 4. The principal ports of entry are Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Waterford, Limerick, Londonderry and Newry.

S. M. C.—Dragoman is an oriental word signifying interpreter. It is applied, in the Ottoman Empire and the courts of the farther East and of Barbary, to men who know several languages, and act as interpreters between foreigners and the natives. At Constantinople the office of prime dragoman, through whom the Sultan receives the communications of Christian ambassadors is one of the most important of the government.

R. W. V.—Daniel Lambert, the English giant, was born in Leicester, March 13, 1769, and died in Stamford, June 21, 1809. His parents were not of an unusual size. It was in his 19th year that he began to grow large, and in 1793 he weighed 448 pounds. He was 5 feet 11 inches high, and at his death he weighed 739 pounds. He measured 9 feet 4 inches round the body, and 3 feet 1 inch round the leg. He never drank any beverage but water, slept less than eight hours a day, and participated in the sports of the field until a few years of his death.

RONALD.—Lake of Constance is a lake in Central Europe, and forms a common centre in which Switzerland and the territories of Baden, Wurtemburg, Bavaria, and Austria meet. The Rhine enters the lake at Rheineck, at its southeast extremity, and leaves it at Stein, at its northwest termination. Lake of Constance is subject to sudden risings, the source of which is unknown. The waters are of a dark-green hue and very clear. It freezes in severe winters only. Steamers ply on the lake between Constance and various points on its shores. Its greatest breadth is about 9 miles; length, 40 miles; greatest depth, 904 feet; height above sea-level, 1,303 feet.

A. E.—Tennis is a game of great antiquity, being taken from a similar game played by the Greeks and Romans. Under the name of paume (given to it from the ball being at that time struck with the palm of the hand), it is noticed in the earlier records of King Arthur. It was very popular during the fifteenth century among the French, and about this time the use of a heavy glove to protect the hand in striking the ball was introduced, and a further improvement was subsequently made by the adoption of the racket. Many modifications have been introduced, but the legitimate descendant of the paume and tennis of former days is the present game of racket, which is played in an almost identical manner. The modern game of lawn-tennis is a greatly modified form of that described above.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

BY M. A. K.

Be careful, ye whose wedded hearts
  Are lovingly united;
Be heedful, lest an enemy
  Steal on you uninvited!
A little, wily, serpent form,
  With graceful, luring poses;
Or, coming in a diff'rent guise,
  A thorn among the roses!

"Bear and forbear"—the only way
  To tread life's paths together,
Then come, and welcome, shining sun,
  Or come, dark, cloudy weather:
Two wedded hearts, conjoined in one
  That cannot live asunder,
Have put Love's golden armor on—
  O world, look on and wonder!

A Deed of Derring Do.

BY M. E. M.

WHEN Gwen Ireton was only twenty, and as restlessly full of life as happiness and the novelty of her Indian existence could make her, she insisted on learning everything useful that it was possible for a woman to master, in a view of a recurring mutiny.

Every one, including her husband, admired, laughed at and indulged her until by degrees she became known as the best shot, the best rider and, next to the signalling classes, which acknowledged no rivals, the best hand with the heliograph and flags for hundreds of miles round, whereat she was greatly rejoiced, and sighed for fresh fields to conquer. As there did not seem to be any within her reach for a time (tennis and badminton were as child's play to her vigorous youth), there was peace in Agabad, and she devoted herself to perfecting her already acquired accomplishments, for as many hours as she could find congenial aides-de-camp to assist her, and for the rest of her unoccupied time to the more strictly feminine pursuits of painting and music and what her friends called "fussing about" her pretty bungalow.

But her ambition only slumbered, and one day, when the first hot breaths of the desert wind began to shrivel the energies of the dwellers in the plains, and to warn those unlucky souls who could not flee to the mist and rain of the hills of the scorching in store for them, she hit upon an audacious idea, which she proceeded to carry out upon the spot.

Her husband was what is technically called a "keen soldier," one of those knife-like intellects who sever the Gordian knots which puzzle the clumsiness of inferior brains.

Inasmuch as he did not shine in any way as an athlete his wife's opinion of his powers was not in a direct ratio with her affection for him.

It has been his knowledge and appreciation of such favorite hobbies as books, music and painting which had captivated her in the first instance, then his sterling worth, and perhaps his not at all uncomely exterior, had had much to say to strengthening her liking and completing her conquest.

Still, she came of a sporting race, and could not help a distinct thrill of admiration for manly prowess and feats of strength and skill, though her brains were too well developed to allow of a blind feminine worship for such things.

But there is no doubt that she grew a little dissatisfied at times because Tom was not a popular runner or cricketer, a power at tennis, a valued forward or half-back at football, a prize winner at racquets, or a noted horseman or polo player.

"You see, dear, it pays best in the long run—to be popular," she said, nodding her wise and exceedingly pretty head sagely, "and you are too——"

Then she bethought herself that she did not want to hurt Tom's feelings, so broke off judiciously, and went out to see the cows and ponies fed from the verandah, and air her Hindustani, of which she was at that time unjustifiably proud.

The afternoon that she chose for announcing her new line of study was dark and close.

The trees rustled ominously, and the green parrots were unwontedly silent. Everything living betrayed a tendency towards shelter, and there was a coppery glare in the lowering sky—a sense of something impending.

Tom Ireton was lounging on the west verandah in a long chair, with cigarettes and the proof-sheets of a military article.

His disgusted labors were varied by an amused attention to his young wife's wild flights of wrathful vernacular, and the really clever shots which the much-worried gwallas and syces made as to her precise meaning, evinced by their diplomatic answers to most of her questions and statements.

At last he laughed outright, and as the animals had finished their evening meal, Mrs. Ireton came hastily into the verandah and faced her husband indignantly, fanning herself with her brown terai hat.

"Tom, why are you laughing? It is absurd of you. They always understand what I say to them."

"Do they? I hope they don't," Ireton said, wondering much as to the effect on the fourth syce's evilly disposed mind, indeed of its results on the stable at large, of the Mem-sahib's last injunction, which translated ran:

"Why don't you always take away my horse's food? It is my order."

To which the bewildered servitor had promptly responded, "Garibpurwa" (preserver of the poor), which was non-committal, though it might have been a respectful admission of her augmentation of his substance.

"Don't laugh, but tell me where I made mistakes."

Gwen could be very peremptory, but as she was more than ordinarily pretty and fascinating, it was not unpleasant.

Tom explained laboriously, with the aid of pencil and paper, translating his wife's late conversation, and interrupted by soft explosions of laughter, which culminated in the decided announcement:

"I intend to learn Hindustani—and tactics. The munshi can teach me the one, and you can coach me in the other. I want to master Kriegspiel, so get Mr. Loftus and Captain French to come up and play it properly, with maps and an umpire."

Ireton stared at her aghast. He knew quite enough of his wife by this time to realize that whatever she meant doing would be done, whether it was helping to break in a refractory waler or firing an Express which laid her on her back in a kutcha road, gazing indignantly at an eagle soaring placidly away into the "infinite blue."

"Look here, Gwen," he began a little feebly, "I don't mind most of the things you try—" ("and do," she interpolated with a bewitching glance)—"but when it comes to such manifest absurdities as tactics, I'm going to strike."

"No, you are not, because I made up my mind a week ago, or very nearly so, and I want to master as much tactics and military information generally as might be useful——"

"Oh, your mutiny again, Gwen. My dear child, you're a wonderful woman—you really can shoot straight and ride like a bird and you've lots of pluck—but if that old mutiny ever comes off, or you are in a tight corner, you'll very probably be so scared that everything you ever learnt would fly out of your head and you'd be as useless as most pretty women, or ugly ones either."

"I'm never 'generally' anything, but always particularly something."

She got up, stumbling over her habit and waking the fox-terrier, who protested with much stretching and yawning, and then snuffing the air suspiciously made for the drawing-room promptly.

"You know you don't mean it, Tom, and I refuse to be drawn this time, so submit, with a good grace, like a dear boy."

"Come on, then," Ireton said resignedly. "These infernal proofs are finished and I can afford to waste an hour. By Jove! there's a dust storm coming. Fly, darling! The 'Sag' has twigged it already."

Then the brown choking cloud, heavy with its detestable burden, swept over the station. Doors and windows burst open and banged wildly in the rushing wind, before they could be finally secured, and a darkness and heat as of the nether regions came down on the stifled world; but Gwen, done out of her ride on a new pony, for which disappointment she was half consoled by Tom's amenable frame of mind, knelt in a great chair by the side of the table, littered with maps and military literature, in his tobacco-haunted "den," and, with her face propped in her hands, had her first lesson in the science for which her soul thirsted, by the light of a guttering candle.

"And, by Jove! you are more promising than some I have coached occasionally," Ireton said, gazing at her as she finished dressing for dinner later on, in a jubilant mood, revolving mentally that which she had succeeded in grasping the meaning of so far.

"Oh," she said disdainfully, "did you think I was as idiotic as Finch and Wylie?"—two luckless youths whose passage through the militia and Sandhurst she had often heard quoted as nothing short of phenomenal in its mystery, as to how they did it.

"Don't be beastly proud, Gwen, because I agree with Eccles—I 'ate pride."

He couldn't kiss her as the ayah was still present, so he contented himself with worshipping her at a distance as he sat astride a rotten mango-wood chair and tried not to smash it as he rested his arms on the rickety back, and watched his wife pinning on her flowers and sweeping backwards and forwards in her young lithe grace before her Psyche mirror, with only half the amount of interest which she usually took in her handsome self, an interest which he reflected was after all guiltless of the taint of an unpleasant conceit.

It amused him mightily to watch her absorbed face and to realize that this exquisite fragile girl in her white laces, accentuating the beauty of her dark head and brilliant eyes, was thinking of anything so brutal as the business of wiping her fellow mortals off the face of the earth according to Cocker, which means "Clausewitz" and "Meckel."

AS TOLD BY GUFFOOR KHAN,
Afghan Orderly.

I, who was there and helped, know it to be true; of a surety it was a thing beyond wonder, that a woman should have done this deed, but so it was, and this was the manner of its happening.

The Sahib, with many others, and the Mem-sahib and the troops, sojourned in the great fort at Pathankote, and I was of the household of the Sahib, so that when orders came for him to go to the hill fort, three days' march into the heart of the hills, I went with the Presence also. There had been a question between the Sahib and the Mem-sahib concerning the going of the Mem sahib, and however it was decided I know not, but we started alone—Ireton Sahib, a havildar and twenty men, and a gun and mules and "drabis," to strengthen the small fort and leave a garrison in it.

"Why?" do you ask? Nay, I know not, but that the English make use of every vantage against the people from the north. "Against our own people," say you? It may be so, but what matters is, that Ireton Sahib did that which he was commanded, and we went.

The first march was a long one—the worst for men and horses—and when we reached the camp, behold, sitting in the door of a tent on the ground was a woman, the Mem-sahib's ayah, and within was the Mem-sahib,

Never was there astonishment like to the Sahib's, and, but that he loves to foolishness, anger also. I gathered that there was pleading, and his wrath was turned; so that on the morrow we reached on with six more with us. The Mem-sahib's ayah was a good woman as ayahs go, and she used to say that of all the Mem-log she had served this was the best, so that she was ready to go anywhere with her.

Of a surety, Ireton Mem-sahib was a wonder. She rode with the bravery of a man, and every night made practice with the Sahib's pistol, hitting every time at long range, and with the rifle likewise.

The English think not as we do of their women, and of a truth, if they breed such as the Mem-sahib, they are right to do them the service that they do.

She always went veiled in a brown veil when abroad, and her figure was like the Sirus crane, so slender; her face, as I saw it sometimes, was of a loveliness that is high among the mem-log, and the Sahib was as wax in her hands; but then she was a pearl among women, and should bear stalwart sons in good time.

It was early morning when we reached the fort on the rocks above the valley, and the Mem-sahib rode in ahead of the troop, speaking much and excitedly to the Sahib, and the havildar said that they spoke of war and fighting and the places to put the guns in like case. There was nothing the Mem-sahib did not know. Yes, in the two years of her sojourn in Hindostan, she had learnt to speak Udroo. It was Nawaz Munshi who, with the Sahib, taught her the speech, and she spoke it exceedingly well—though at first it was not of a clearness that one could understand. You know the place, Jhanha Singh, a long valley and hills everywhere, in parts brown and bare as your hand, and a water-course coming down the hillside and crossing the valley twice; the long way to the fort, a partly made Sahib's road, and the path of the wild goat up the face of the rock. The long road was torn down in places and to get up was not easy. The bursting of the rains had been heavy of late, and the land had suffered.

Inside, the fort was as all hill forts; there was a tower, on which we mounted the gun that fires more swiftly than lightning, with this difference, that once some one had built an upper chamber and a terrace above the inner court; and here the Mem-sahib and her ayah lived; for the Mem-sahib had her own camp and servants—the ayah and her syces and mehter, and the coolies for her tent.

There was much to be done of work at repairing the fort and its wall; and after that, all day long, the Sahib was with his men in the hills at work upon the roads, and the Mem-sahib sat upon the terrace or the roof making pictures, while I remained on guard, or not seldom she rode with the Sahib when she could. In the evening they made music, singing together after the manner of the English, which is strange to our ears; and once the Mem-sahib asked for a tumasha with the torches, and the men dancing, while she sat on the roof and watched, saying, "Shabash," when one more than the rest pleased her by great skill. She was fair to see, and a fit mother of warriors, as you will hear.

Every day we went to a rock beyond the fort and made talk with the signal to the great fort, and by-and-by came the General Sahib's hookum to the garrison in the Chota Kalla Killa to go back again to the Burra Lal Killah. The roads were finished, as much as could be done, and Ireton Sahib went on the last day to make an inspection with half the men, and to arrange for supplies with a village which would be true to the English salt, so said the head man who sent messengers to the Sahib begging his presence.

It was dawn when they marched out, as it was ten coss away in the hills and hard going.

The Mem-sahib came out to see them start, and stayed on the terrace until they had vanished in the mists. When she first saw what was coming on I know not, but after the chota hazri she would not sleep, and she walked about with Sahib's glasses, that see men as ants afar off and bring them near, looking all round the valley.

The havildar was shaking with the fever, that is worse in the drying up of the rains, and lay on his bed in a shaded place, and by mid-day the word came that he was very sick, and the Mem-sahib was greatly troubled and sent him much white powder to kill the fever; but it sufficed not, and the ayah said she began to weary for the coming of the Sahib.

The great heat of the day died when the sun went down, and in the cool the Mem-sahib called to me:

"Oh! Guffoor Khan! there is a man in the water-course below. See if he is one of ours."

I left my hubble bubble and went and saw with the wonder-working glass, and the man was strange.

Now the road for the village folk was to the north at the back of the fort, and the water-course was away from the road a whole coss, and not an easy path, for there was still much water, but the nullah was deep and would hide many men, and something told me that the man was the portent of evil. He was between us and the rough path by which the Sahib would return, crossing the water-course once—for he came not back as he went.

When I said, "The man is not of ours if the Presence please," the Mem-sahib thought for a little; then she said—and I marveled:

"Send Hira Singh, who is quick like a squirrel, and can hide like a lizard, and see what the man wants and if there be more in the nullah."

So Hira Singh, stripped of his clothes to his "langooti," went like a thief in the night, for it was a wonder to see him go, indeed one could not see him.

I can understand somewhat of the English tongue, and I heard the Mem-sahib say to this effect:

"If it is mischief and Tom not here, and the havildar sick of the fever!" and her voice sounded like that of a frightened woman, but when she spoke again in my own tongue it was like the clash of a steel lock.

"Fall in, bajao! and close the gates; I think I see more men, and the light on something like rifles."

I went as if it had been the sahib's hookum, and in a moment the call sounded and the men were out and ready.

Hearing the sound of arms, the voice of the havildar cried out to us:

"Oh! has the Presence returned! What means the noise?"

Then the Mem-sahib went to the door of the havildar's room and spoke in the English tongue; he being an old man and serving the English since he was young like a lusty buck, their speech was plain to him.

Then heard I the havildar groan and say, speaking weakly in our speech:

"May the Presence appear quickly. I will come and do that which is my duty. The Mem-sahib has the heart of many men."

And he would have come out to the door, but the Mem-sahib cried out—he had fallen:

"See to him, Guffoor Khan." Then I heard the Mem-sahib giving orders even as would the Sahib have done, and the men went to their places, while I held up the head of the havildar, who said:

"Carry me out where I can see and speak to my children."

I carried him with the help of Hira Singh, who had slipped into the fort as a snake wriggles through a wall.

"It is true; there be many men in the nullah, all armed and coming silently, and we are few and have two women to protect."

The havildar, lying on his charpoy, listened and spoke:

"The Mem-sahib for idleness learnt the work of men and knows much, and her heart is great, hear you, and obey when she speaks, for my voice carries scarce beyond this bed, and this will be no children's play. I know now that the Sahib has been evilly lured way, and this is the work of the Moollah of Bostan, who will take the Mem-sahib and the woman away, and kill all who serve the English."

While he spoke came a thin light of the thickness of a finger across our faces. The figure of the Mem-sahib was dark on the gun tower to our left, and in her hands was a lantern with which the Sahib made talk always at night, and she was making it speak to the great fort.

Presently through the darkness we heard her say in English:

"They have seen," and the lantern clicked swiftly in her hands until the talking was done, and Hira Singh said in a whisper:

"Then the relief comes in the morning of the third day if they start to-night."

After a while the havildar sent me on to the gun-tower to tell the Mem-sahib that there was no man left who could work the "gun with many mouths," for the manner of feeding it was not known, and it would have meant the lives of many who would slay us and take the women captive.

But the Mem-sahib said—nowise afraid to outward seeming:

"I know the way of it, and when the time comes I will undertake it."

And every man at his post at the walls and gate, and the ayah and the bearer crouched by the havildar, the dhobis by the mule shed; and the Mem-sahib on the gun-tower with Hira Singh and myself waited in the darkness, listening as the deer listen in the forest when the grass stirs and the leaves sway before the tread of the tiger.

Once the Mem-sahib went down softly like a shadow, and as she came back I saw round her waist a belt in which were pistols, and I remembered the Sahib had had it made in likeness of his own and laughed as she buckled it on, and it was I who had brought it from the place where it was made, so I knew it well. It is like an animal breathing when the world is still under the stars and there is no sound of men; we waiting dared not to breathe, only listened. Hira Singh touched me, and we saw shadows amongst the shadows, and once something clicked.

The Mem-sahib had seen, and I saw her put her hand on the thing that made the many-mouthed speak. She gave the hookum to Hira Singh, and he slipped down and disappeared, and the distant shadows likewise.

Presently he came back again and told the Mem-sahib that there were men on all three sides, hidden among the rocks, and the distance was scarcely from here on the parapet to the centre of the big parade ground yonder. The Mem-sahib nodded, and I heard the leather of her belt squeaking like the cry of a mouse. So she was not indifferent, but she was quiet.

"Tell the havildar and see what he says." The Mem sahib's hookum was not that of one afraid, but ready.

"Wait." Hira Singh brought back the answer and crouched on his hams again behind the gun with his rifle across his knees.

Then the Mem-sahib, after waiting as long as it takes the light to fade between the going down of the sun and the dark, left me on guard on the tower and, taking Hira Singh, went round the fort, and I heard afterwards how wisely she questioned and gave orders, and how the men were ready to obey to the death if need be, and it seemed as near as one could cast a stone then and for many hours after that. In her rounds she spoke to the havildar and he did not answer clearly, for the life was low in him, and by and-by it went out altogether, but we did not know it then, not until an hour after he had died.

Then the Presence came back to the tower and the waiting began, and the stars paled before the coming of the moon.

When the light was strong enough to see ten paces of a man away it shone on steel, and as the moon rose into the sky the steel showed low down and straight towards us and close together. Then the voice of the Mem-sahib, quicker than I can tell of it, called loudly: "Fire!" and we obeyed; Hira Singh and I firing through the tower on each side of the many-mouthed, that spoke with a roar, and ceased not until it had sent fifty shots to find the cowards fighting ten to one against twelve men—and one sick—and a woman.

The crash of the bullets and slugs on the metal of the gun-screen was hard to bear for a woman's delicate ears, but the Mem-sahib flinched not. I heard after that the hookum of the Mem-sahib had been to fire along the line of light that betrayed their rifles, which spoke after one with an uncertain sound as of men taken unawares. But they found one man within the fort and it went hard with him, but he did not die.

Whether we had taken lives or how many we could not tell then, but we heard the sound of feet amongst the stones, and the moon showed no more moving shadows or broken lights that night.

Then Hira Singh after an hour's peace was sent out again, as he prayed to go, and came back after awhile saying the nullah was still swarming with men, and that the nearer ground was clear.

He had lain face down on a rock overhanging the water-course and heard them swear to gut the fort when the dawn came and take the white woman alive, but he told not this latter lest the Mem-sahib's heart should turn to water; only to me.

There were wounded, too, and he thought to the number of ten; also he saw that where they had lain under the cover of the darkness was more open than we thought, and the many-mouthed had swept the ground like rain.

The Mem-sahib said little, and in the moonlight her face was very white, but the eyes, which do not lie if there is fear, were like the Sahib's when he is strong of will.

The bearer and ayah were washing the man whose arm and shoulder had been torn by a slug; the Mem-sahib had bandaged it with a piece of puggri, washing and closing the wound, and had gone back to the gun. Later we told her that the havildar had followed the call of death, when she asked for him, and I could see he sorrowed thereat. Then we waited for the dawn, knowing what would happen when it came. The Mem-sahib had black coffee brought to her once, and twice she went round the fort and the bhisti took water to the men.

With the fading of the moon and in the brief space of darkness before the dawn, we heard sounds as of the enemy closing in again, and when the full light came, though they were skilfully hidden, yet here and there were signs.

There was abundance of ammunition, but we were few, and there was no time for food or sleep, and as two more men fell when they opened fire in the fourth watch of the night, though one went back later with only a cut from a splinter of wood, still our hearts were not light, and the Mem-sahib's face was whiter, and her eyes larger and darker than those of a deer, but steadfast.

A heavy piece of stone falling from the tower had bruised her shoulder likewise.

"If they rush to the gate every one must be ready," she said once.

The bearer, a Mussulman, and an old servant of the Presence, took the rifle of the one dead and his belts, and left the havildar and the other side by side in the room, on the ground. The gate had been strengthened with everything that could be piled and bound against it, and the spare stones collected inside the fort had been built up against the charpoys and chairs and tables. The Mem-sahib ordered and it was done, in the second night after the first day, after much fighting in the afternoon, when they tried to reach the gate. The heat was cruel for the Mem-sahib, and the bhisti brought water many times, while the ayah threw it on her head, and plaited up her long hair, which hung beyond her waist.

But though we were failing with sleep and thirsty and hungry, for the food was scanty and failing, for very shame we looked like lions before the white woman who never knew fear, or if she felt it in her heart, did not show it, though we knew that her sorrow for the Sahib was like unto death. It was the same all through the second night and day, only the many-mouthed, worked by the Mem-sahib's hands, screamed through the heat and the cold watches of the night and kept the enemy at bay; and Hira Singh did excellent service, slipping out by ways that only he or a snake could wriggle through to tell where they would place their men, so that the Mem-sahib might turn the many mouthed on its platform to sweep them away. Messages had come from the great fort to cheer us, but men have not the wings of birds, and those who had gone to us came but slowly to our need, and the Mem-sahib was growing to look very strange.

On the morning of the third day, with the daylight, a light came into her face that was other than the day. Since I was the next to the havildar, who had been buried with the other in the ground of the fort, she spoke to me:

"Is it wisdom, oh! Guffoor Khan, we will not reply to their firing, neither ye nor I, and they will then come out to take us by climbing over the walls, and we can, when they stand up, kill them easily."

It was terrible to hear a woman, white, and slender as the reeds of the river, one who had gone softly all her days, speak thus; but it was good talk, and they had slain the Sahib and many good men with him, so we let them fire, spitting shots all through the long hours of the morning and noon against the silent walls of the fort, which seemed to sleep.

They were devils though for cunning, and they came not soon as the Mem-sahib thought, and Hira Singh, whose father must verily have been a Djin, for he heard them talking even in the daylight as he went like a lizard among the stones, reported that they had lost many men, but were still more than seventy, and they talked angrily amongst themselves, saying there was magic in the white woman and her gun, for they knew by this time that the Mem sahib was mightiest by reason of her courage and the gun, which obeyed only her.

Coming back the last time Hira Singh was seen and wounded, but he got round to the steep face of the cliff, where only the wild goats went, and hung outside the walls, and we sent a rope down to him and brought him up.

"They will come within an hour if they come at all," he said, and fainted, for his blood was dropping like water from a hole in his chest.

They said it was a piece of broken iron that had struck him; and they came, but we were ready; we had masked the loop-holes and the gun-tower, and the gate was firm with its wooden posts and the things and stone in a wall behind the gates, and we had each man the last seventy rounds of ammunition and the gun had 500 left.

The Mem-sahib had eaten a little, but not slept; she stood by the gun, with the same white face and eyes like an animal hunted to the death; once she said, looking at us all before we went to our places for the last time:

"You are brave men, and if you die I die too," and she touched the pistol in her belt, and we salaamed before her, and every man wondered not at the love the Sahib had had for her.

At an hour before sunset they came; we could see them stealing out of the nullah and forming up on the open, cautiously at first, then in the silence quickly, until they stood before us full seventy men; we had a round each for them, and the many-mouthed 500, so we had no fear at first, but that we were weak from little food and want of sleep, and our eyes were not clear.

As they came on over the broken ground they halted twice under cover, and listened, and we heard our hearts when the noise of their feet had ceased.

They had 400 yards to come, and they came stealthily until they were only 100 feet away from the fort, then they stopped again, and we heard them speaking, and we grinned like tigers in our lair.

At length they moved again with their rifles at the trail, and then, when their whole bodies were plainly visible, the Mem-sahib cried out so that we all heard the high thin woman's voice, "Fire!" and we obeyed.

The silence was great for a second after the shrieking of the many-mouthed amongst the rocks, and the spitting fire of our few rifles had ceased, then before they could form again came the cry, "Fire!" once more, and we obeyed.

It was hard fighting then, for we fired as fast as we could feed the rifles, and the many-mouthed never tired.

I helped the Mem-sahib at the last, for she was whiter and weaker, but they never reached the gate; the leaden rain had made their lives as water, and they were fast going back to the nullah, only fifty men, for we could count those on the ground, and Hira Singh swore to the seventy in the nullah before they came out.

Then we shouted as well as our strength would let us, and they heard us: "Oh, Futteh Ji Ke Jai!" and we jeered them as cowards, and felt it in us to go out and fight them.

Then our cry choked in our throats as they turned and came on again; but staggering as we stood with heat and fatigue and sleep, we heard a sound that was not ours, a strange long shriek, and a sharp crashing sound, and the striking of heavy bodies on the rocks around: following came the dull report of another distant gun, not that which obeyed the Mem-sahib, and mingled with the firing and the howls of wounded and angry men was a sharp cry from the Mem-sahib; our hearts shook within us, for she was our tower of strength, but it was joy, not fear, and she cried out in our speech with a great cry, "The men from the great fort are below in the valley. Fire!"

Then we obeyed for the last time, and the terrible screaming of the many-mouthed tore the air and seemed to break the rocks, and her breath was deadly, and other four men fell before her. But the end was now, and not too soon, for we lost two also, and one man came over the wall in a weak place and was shot down, showing what must have happened had not the relief come.

There was some further fighting up the hill and in the nullah, and it was dark before the peace of victory sent us to undo the gates, to let the Sahibs and the relief from the great fort enter. We were seven men and the Mem-sahib, and the ayah and bearer, and the bhisties and the drabis, standing in the glare of the torches to receive them, when the General Sahib and three other Sahibs rode in at the gate: and lo! and behold, one was Ireton Sahib. Behind him were some of the men who had gone out with him. The General Sahib said something in English, and, stooping, kissed the hand of the Mem-sahib, but she, seeing only Ireton Sahib, would have spoken, but fell instead, as Hira Singh had fallen, and lay with all of us men and the Sahibs standing round her in wonder that this should happen, for she had had the heart of many men, as the havildar had said, and she should bear mighty sons. And this is true talk of what happened in the fort of Chota Kalla Killa, as I know it.

EPILOGUE.

"If you ever break loose and disobey me again, Gwen, I will lock you up for life, and only take you out on a chain. Gwen! My God! what I suffered thinking of you. I can't speak of it."

"Don't try to," she said with a ghost of her old manner, as she lay in her hammock, letting her fingers wander weakly over Ireton's as they clasped the arm nearest to him. "Anyhow, I didn't store up knowledge uselessly, and you didn't waste your time after all, Tom."

"Gwen! Gwen! I don't know whether to worship you or be furious with you, darling. I wish I could blot out the horror, and only remember your pluck."

"When in doubt play trumps, making worship trumps."

She was evidently struggling with something that induced her to be flippant, and made her eyes misty and her lips tremulous. Then she lay still for a few moments looking at vacancy in a preoccupied fashion that somehow made Ireton nervous.

Pencils of palpitating light drew through the heavy broken chicks hot lines across the great room, whitewashed and chunamed to a painful cleanliness and lustre, and very bare in spite of Gwen's attempts to turn it into a drawing-room, with native silks as hangings and a bizarre assortment of rough pottery and brass as ornaments. The Mexican hammock in stained grass cord was a pretty and unusual spot of brilliant color hanging in the broken lights and shadows, and Gwen, sunk in her yellow silk cushions, in her white tea gown, looked very wan amid so much that was bright of hue. It was curious how the oval face had sharpened and the eyes had sunk, almost more than one would have expected that they would, and Ireton felt uneasy; her great quietude seemed almost unnatural, well as he knew her evenly-balanced nature and her powers of self-control. Suddenly she turned to him, nearly upsetting the hammock.

"Tom! One thing! Comfort me! Hira Singh found out that they meant to have come in any case, so it was not my being there that brought them."

Her eyes were very brilliant, and her white face flushed across the cheek bones in ominous spots spots.

"Gwen, you were to blame for nothing but such madcap disobedience as coming after me, and I'll forgive it, dear, for the sake of your courage if you won't do it again. Promise?"

"Yes," she said slowly, her eyes wandering round the room, "but I——Guffoor Khan!"—in a shrill whisper—"we won't fire yet."

Her eyes were steady now, but piteous in their strained expression.

"Wait until they come out into the open; now the havildar is dead the responsibility rests on me, and I must remember all Tom taught me—if only I don't fall asleep. Hira Singh, go out and see if they are coming; see if the water has failed. Quick! if thou canst climb up the cliff may not another man? And they will come in that way, and I haven't enough men to properly line——Guffoor Khan, tell the ayah not to cry; she makes my head ache, and she must be as brave as the men, and I want her to wet my hair and braid it. I daren't go down, the breeze on the tower keeps me awake, and it smells of death below. Two men buried—two wounded—Tom must be dead. Oh, God! no! Keep my head clear, don't let me think of that. Tom! Finch or Wylie would have muffed this, wouldn't they?—or didn't you say they might be first-class in a row?"

"Tom! whisper, darling, if you hadn't chaffed me, so I should be afraid, but I will hold out till the relief comes. I signalled, only I couldn't remember the right code, but they sent back, 'All right; understand.' I sent, 'Tom's not come back; some one coming to fight us.'"

"Ayah! take care of the havildar's gold beads; the bearer said he sent them to me when he died. Oh! that terrible splitting noise, and the bullets on the metal screen, and soon I must fire it again, but I want to kill men, because they have killed——No, no! Not that, not that! Fire! Bring me coffee quickly, or I shall fall asleep."

"Tom, I hoped one day we should have a son, and now—— Oh, God! help me to keep my head. Hira Singh is hurt now, badly hurt. Five men, only seven left. Oh, Tom! No, Guffoor Khan comes! There are men from the Burra Lal Koti in the valley. Fire! Oh, there are the screw guns! Tom! Tom! not dead, and we saved the fort! Was it my fault that they came, because I would come with you? Tom, was it my fault?"

Then the days and nights were a longer torture almost than those in the village of the Moollah of Bostan, for Ireton realized again his own agony, and that of the girl who was fighting the second time for the life so dear to him, dearer now than ever, as they gathered from her ravings what she had suffered, that Guffoor Khan had never known, though he knew so much.

But death was merciful, and left at least the figure round which he had hovered for so long, lying weak and white on its Chinese mat, but delivered from the clutches of his servant fever; and Ireton, when the word went forth that she was saved, broke out into helpless laughter, hiding his head on his folded arms and shaking from head to feet.

Gwen lived, and when she came out again for the first time into the sunlight, nearly her old radiant self, Guffoor Khan and Hira Singh and the men who had lived through those three long days and nights under the Mem-sahib's hookum, and had fought with and for her, were drawn up in front of the General's quarters to be reviewed by her, that they might receive their medals from her hand.

Stiff and impassive, as only Sikhs can be, like statues of bronze, their keen faces softened as the fragile white woman came out into the square and spoke to them in their own tongue, telling them what she felt, that they had been brave and obedient and that she would never forget them, and that she would always wear the havildar's beads (she touched the small gold string on her wrist) in memory of the bravest men she had ever known. Then she pinned on their medals, calling them all by name, and never were salaams so heartfelt as those which greeted her then. As she turned to go back to the quarters, a great shout, the old Sikh cry, "Futteh Ji Ke Jai," made her pale with excitement and emotion, for it was taken up, and the whole garrison of the fort cheered her madly.

It should have been done with more pomp and ceremony, but she turned to the General imploringly, begging him to take her away, and hastily he said, uncovering:

"Will you not wait one moment longer, Mrs. Ireton? the men must see you decorated too, as you won your cross with them."

She stood in silence, flushing and paling, biting her under lip, to keep back the tears, while the general, turning to the troops, said, in the vernacular and in English:

"Men, this Red Cross was sent by the Queen-Empress, whom we all serve, as a reward for valor in the field, to Ireton Mem sahib, and you know how well and nobly she deserves it."

Then, with a low salute, the white haired soldier fastened the Royal Red Cross among the laces on her breast, and stepped back, holding up his helmet. Such a shout it was that rose then, it startled the green parrots from peaceable conversation and the blinking owls from their sleep for a mile round. The parrots screamed in chorus, flashing backwards and forwards like emerald lightning, and the owls turned out in brown bunches, and sat on trees and walls and under eaves, and swore under their breaths, for they were too sleepy to do themselves justice.

Gwen Ireton, usually so self-possessed, now pale and half hysterical with late weakness and the shock of pleasure, the cross held tightly in one hand and the other shading her eyes, fled through the verandah into their quarters, while the cheers rang out again and again for her deed of Derring Do.

THE JEWS' LEAP.

There is a pass in the Caucasian Mountains along which runs a trail that no animal can turn on and no two animals can pass each other on. Below the trail there is a chasm 700 feet deep, and this place, within the last few years, had come to be known as "The Jews' Leap." This is the reason:

In the Spring of 1878 a party of Jews, ten in number, were on their way with a pack of heavily-laden mules to the Don country, where they were to attend a fair. It was ever the custom for parties coming over from the north to send a man ahead on foot to see if the road was clear, parties from Circassia having the right of way.

If the road was all right the man sent in front fired off a bomb, the explosion of which told as it echoed along the pass that all was well.

Captain Blatzky, who was going South with a small escort of mounted Cossacks, wholly ignoring this precaution, said to his guide:

"There are no soldiers coming this way. The only party we can meet is some Jewish peddlers, and if they get in my way I will hurl them over the cliffs."

There was nothing left for the soldiers but to obey, so they rode on, and at length entered the pass, Captain Blatzky bringing up the rear.

The setting sun was pouring his level rays through the defile, when the Russians reached the highest and narrowest point, and here they were brought face to face with the Jewish traders, who, by the custom of the place, had the right of way.

When Capt. Blatzky saw the party that opposed him, he drew his sword and shouted out:

"Curse the dogs! Hurl them over the cliffs and rode on."

The Jews heard the savage order and held a short consultation. To go back was impossible, for all were leading their mules, as the Russians were their horses.

"We have the right of way," replied the foremost Jew, whose only weapon was a stout staff

"You have no rights!" roared the Russian.

"No rights in the valleys and towns," replied the Jew, resolutely, "but up here, nearer to God, and man to man, we are equal."

"Pitch him over and stop his talking!" yelled the officers.

"Try it and take the consequences!" was the spirited response.

The guide leaped forward with drawn sword, and the merchant, a stalwart young man, raised his staff and stood on the defensive.

After fencing for a few seconds the Jew's staff was cut in two, but before his assailant could strike him with the sword he leaped forward, caught him in his arms, and the two fell over the cliff and dashed in a bleeding mass on the rocks below.

The second Russian sent the Jew's burdened mule after his master, and then stood face to face with another resolute man armed only with a stout stick.

The Russian lost a precious second of time in trying to draw his pistol, for the staff whistled above his head, and unconscious and never to be conscious again, he tumbled into the depths. Then the Jew sent the Russian's horse after him and came face to face with a second man.

Seeing the fate of his companion, the third Russian leaped forward, like an enraged animal, and caught his opponent in his arms. The struggle was brief and fierce. The issue would have been doubtful had not the Cossack's horse plunged forward in its fright and dashed against the men, hurling them and itself into the awful abyss.

Both parties were now wrought up to a frenzy that blinded them to all considerations of life.

The Russians were like bloodthirsty savages who find their slaves rising against them in revolt

The Jews lost their habitual prudence and were stung to a desperate resistance by the memory of generations of outrage and rapine.

In the dense settlements the Russians might be masters; here they were man to man, with all the advantage of arms on the side of the transgressors.

The fourth Jew picked up a sword that a Russian had dropped before he went over and down to death. He was a young man, unskilled in the use of such a weapon, but even if he had been the wall of rock to the left would have balked all sword play.

With the fury of a tiger he hurled over his opponent and sent his horse after him. The Jew had lost a brother and his gray-haired father was behind him.

With such a war cry as never burst from Jewish lips since the Maccabees led Israel to victory, the young man swept every living thing from his path until he came face to face with the last man, Captain Blatzky.

The Russian fired his pistol straight into the young man's face, making a serious but not a fatal wound. Certain it is it did not stay the irresistible onset.

The officer's sword leaped up, but it was too late. He felt the blade at his throat, and the next instant he had joined the men he had so ignominiously led to death.

The surviving merchants hastily made their way into Turkish territory, where they were safe, leaving behind them a name and a memory that will last as long as the mountains

"The Jews' Leap."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There are fifty-five towns and cities in England which destroy their garbage and solid refuse by burning, and 570 furnaces are employed for this purpose. In many cases the heat from these furnaces is used to produce steam, and the power is employed in pumping water and in running electric light and power plants, and for other purposes.

The diminished use of boots is a matter of concern to the manufacturers of them and to the producers of heavy leather and heavy calf skins. Twenty years ago the calf boot industry was a leading one in New England. Whole towns were studded with factories which produced calf boots exclusively. For a decade the sale has been gradually falling off, and to day it is of hardly any importance.

Emperor William's action in reducing the term of obligatory service in the German army from three to two years has had the unexpected effect of diminishing not only the number of suicides, but also the average of disciplinary punishments inflicted. Investigation has now shown that most of the suicides used to take place in the third year of service with the colors, and that nearly all of the more serious offences against the regulations were committed by third-year men.

A curious example of how sharply the edge of a wind storm may be defined is reported by the captain of the bark Peter Tresell, which recently arrived at San Diego from London. When off Valparaiso, the captain says, a whirlwind came along and passed over the stern of the vessel. A great sea was raised by the wind, and every sail and movable thing on the after part of the ship was carried away. The forward part of the vessel was untouched by the storm, which passed away, leaving a train of foam in its wake.

Parisian doctors are warning the people there that they are running a great risk in eating horse flesh, a sort of food that is said to be rapidly increasing in popularity there. Paris first became acquainted with the flavor of horse flesh during the siege of that city by the Germans. Many acquired a taste for it, and its cheapness as compared with beef, costing less than half as much, commends it especially to the poor. Its use has also spread to Berlin and many other continental cities. The doctors have now discovered that the horse is especially liable to trichinosis, a most dangerous disease, which was hitherto been supposed to affect only hogs.

The wearing of moccasins is so common in the rural districts of Maine and New Brunswick that shoemakers find it profitable to manufacture them wholesale, although the Indians are still reputed to make the best. The true moccasin is a light, thin foot covering of buckskin; but what is called a 'shoepack,' and is perhaps even more in use, is a moccasin with an extra thickness of leather under the sole, and it comes a little higher on the ankle. The lumbermen wear "larrigans," which are made sometimes of deer hide and sometimes of moose leather, thick, strong, stiff, and oiled until they are as yellow as bar soap. They are shaped like boots, with heavy soles, and reach half way to the knee.

Candidates for poet laureate still abound. An Edinburgh bard lately wrote to the First Lord of the Treasury that he was fully competent to fill the post, and that he was willing to do the old work at the old salary. Another aspirant, known as the Aberdeen Loonie, recently placed his services at the disposal of Lord Rosebery in a letter with this postscript: "If you should happen to have another man in your eye for the laureateship, I will be thankful for a Government post of any kind in the meantime, or a suit of your cast-off clothes, for that matter." The letter was acknowledged by Lord Rosebery, who knew better than to wound a poet's sensitive feelings. The result in this case was a so lively celebration on the part of the applicant for the laureateship that he was brought into the police station. In answer to the charge, he said: "Excuse me, I had a letter from Lord Rosebery, and it went to my head."

The terrible destructiveness of the nickel coated bullet used in the new small calibre navy rifle when driven at the enormous velocity obtainable by the employment of smokeless powder is set forth in the report of Lieutenant Lincoln Karmony, of the United States Marine Corps, upon the results of the experiments recently made with the cadavers of horses. In simply passing through muscle the bullet produces a flesh wound of no serious importance, unless it happen to cause hemorrhage by cutting an artery. But if it meet with resistance, such as that offered by a bone, the result is horrible. The wound has the appearance of having been caused by an explosion; the muscles are reduced to pulp and the bone ground to powder, and the fragments are carried through the wound of exit, leaving the latter a gaping orifice. A limb thus struck by one of these missiles would be mangled beyond repair, and a shot in any part of the head or chest would almost infallibly prove fatal. If it be true that the best way to abolish war is to increase its possibilities of destruction, then the new navy rifle should prove a veritable peace-maker.

PATENTS.

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRENN CLAIM COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

JOHN WEDDERBURN,
618 F Street,
P. O. Box 385. Washington, D. C.

Our Young Folks.

NITA'S PENITENCE.

BY S. U. P. W.

NITA was cross. She sat in a corner of the nursery, with her back to the others; but though her face was hidden, it could be seen by her attitude that she was in a bad humor.

"She looks like a sick monkey I once saw at the Zoo; her shoulders are humped up just the same," said Guy to little Cicely, who sat nursing an invalid doll. Cicely tried hard not to laugh; she was afraid of hurting Nita's feelings.

"I don't know how you can have patience with her," the boy went on. "She must always be first, or else she sulks. If we play at keeping shop she must sell the things; if it's people who are ill, she must be the doctor; if it's a tea-party, she is the hostess. She never let's you have a turn."

"But Nita's a visitor, and mother says we must give way to visitors," said Cicely.

"Nonsense! I'm a visitor, 'cause I've only come for Cousin Daisy's wedding, but Nita's going to live here for years."

"No, I'm not," contradicted Nita, turning her frowning face towards him.

"You are. You can't go to your papa in India until you're grown-up."

"It's rude to contradict a lady," pouted Nita.

"You needn't talk about being rude. You're the rudest girl I ever saw!"

"Hush, Guy!" said Cicely, the peacemaker. "Come and play, Nita, and you may have Angeline for your sick baby. I would have given her when you asked, only she's so used to me, I thought she might fret."

Nita left her corner, and her cousin put the doll into her arms. But Guy was tired of playing at "baby games," and he had a suggestion to make.

"Let us go to the kitchen," he said. "Cook told me this morning that we might go in after dinner."

There was a rush towards the door. Nita let the sick baby fall, and nearly tumbled over it in her haste, but Cicely turned back and put her pet in the cradle before she followed.

All the servants were busy, for Cicely's grown-up sister, Daisy, was going to be married, and there were many preparations to be made. Cicely and Nita were to be bridemaids, and Guy had been chosen to act as page, and the children were charmed at the prospect of seeing a "real wedding," and of wearing the dresses that had been sent for from London.

Cook was making tartlets. The first batch had just been taken from the oven when the children reached the kitchen, and she good-naturally gave one to each of them. They were delicious, with crisp flaky paste, and a big spoonful of raspberry jam in the centre.

"Shall you make a great many, cook?" asked Guy. "And lots of jellies and creams?"

"Yes, Master Guy. Do you like it?"

"It's stunning! Weddings are nice, I think."

"The young ladies and Master Guy are wanted in the drawing-room," said a maid, popping her head in at the doorway; "and nurse says they must go upstairs first to be made tidy."

"P'raps Mr. Gordon's there," said Cis gleefully.

Mr. Gordon was the gentleman who was going to marry her sister, and Cicely liked him very much. The children found him in the drawing-room when they went in, and he shook hands with Guy, and kissed the girls. He had brought a present for each of them. For Guy there was a neat watch and chain, that would be useful when he went to school, and the girls had gold bangles exactly alike, the clasps representing daisies, formed of pearls.

"You must wear them on Thursday," he told them.

Nita and Cis had never possessed anything of the kind, and they were delighted. They carried the morocco cases to nurse, and asked her to lock them up. The cases were alike, but they were not afraid of making mistakes, for Nita's had a crimson lining, while Cicely's was white.

At last the great day arrived, and the children tormented each other and nurse until the time came to be dressed. It was to be a daisy wedding, and the bridesmaids wore white frocks, embroidered with golden-hearted daisies, pretty hats of golden-brown velvet, and brown shoes and stockings. Even their flower-baskets were filled with marguerites and foliage, and Guy had a bunch fastened in the breast of his white suit.

Nurse brought out their gloves, and then the two morocco cases; and Cis, who stood looking like a fairy in her white robes, with her golden hair flowing over her shoulders, opened hers with a smile, that changed to a look of dismay.

"Oh, nurse!" she cried; "mine is broken!"

It was quite true. The daisy clasp was crushed, and two wee pearls that had formed one of the petals were missing.

Cicely was too much bewildered to cry at first, and nurse did not know what to think. She had never unlocked the drawer since the bangles had been put away.

Who could have done the mischief? Guy looked fearlessly up in her face as he said he had not touched the keys; and Nita shook her head when questioned, though her cheeks were flushed.

It was too late, however, to make many inquiries. The carriages were waiting, and the little bridesmaids were forced to go downstairs, Cicely without Mr. Gordon's pretty gift. She winked away the tears from her blue eyes, and tried not to envy her cousin whenever she caught a glimpse of the golden circlet upon Nita's arm.

When the reception was over, and Daisy had gone away, and Guy, feeling that one might have too much even of jellies and creams, had wandered off to see Cicely's pets, the little girls went back to the nursery, to have their finery changed for simple frocks and muslin pinafores.

And then Cicely brought forth a cardboard box from some hiding-place, and displayed a large doll, dressed in a beautifully-embroidered robe, like a baby's.

"This is for you, Nita," she said, rather sadly. "Daisy asked me what I should like best for a 'good-bye present, and I chose this for you, because you're so fond of Angeline, that I thought you'd like a baby-doll of your own."

Nita received the gift in rather a strange fashion. Instead of showing pleasure, she began to cry, and hurriedly slipping the bangle from her own arm, she pressed it into Cicely's hand.

"Oh, Cicely I will you ever forgive me?" she sobbed. "Indeed I didn't mean it at first, but I found nurse's keys on the mantelpiece, and nobody was about, and I wanted to try my bangle on. Then I thought I heard nurse coming, and I got frightened and dropped the bangle, and put my foot in it. When I found it was broken I changed it for yours. It was dreadfully mean of me; and you were thinking how to please me all the while. Cis, dear Cis, I've often been naughty, but I will try and be a better girl to you."

And Cicely answered by putting her arms about her cousin's neck, and giving her the kiss of forgiveness.

STONES FROM HEAVEN.

NEARLY all races of men treasure the memory of the direct advent of some messenger from heaven above, and in their mythologies and sagas we find this memory expressed in words more or less mysterious. Some very old writers, not satisfied with this rather one-sided intercourse down to the earth, also describe chariots of fire used as conveyances in the opposite direction.

The Greeks were very free in the use of this interchange between the upper world of their gods, and the lower world of man. Watching the fight from their high station, the gods are reported to have hurled heavy, fiery missiles—meteorites, we would call them—at those of the combatants whom they disliked.

Our own Scandinavian ancestors thought that, at times, the celestial road groans under the chariot of Thor, when the regions of the air take fire, and the heavens are inflamed over the heads of men, and fiery eyes, round like the moon, fall from the heavens to the earth, covering the latter as with hail-stones.

In Raphael's Madonna de Foligero is a very accurate picture of a meteor.

The masses which, under brilliant fiery display and great noise reached the earth, were treasured as objects of highest veneration by early man. Even to-day the most holy object to millions of men, drawing hundreds of thousands of pilgrims Asia and Africa to Kaaba at Mecca, is nothing but such a meteoric stone. In Mexico the troops of the third Napoleon found such a body walled in the Church at Charcas, an object of great veneration, especially on the part of the women; recognising the same as a meteoric iron weighing nearly two thousand pounds, the French removed it from the church wall and sent it to Paris, where it now constitutes one of the best specimens of the great collection of meteorites in the Mineralogical Museum of the Jardin des Plantes. On the 18th day of February, 1845, such a fiery messenger appeared to the Hindoos in Northern India.

A meteoric stone weighing over thirty pounds had penetrated five feet deep into the ground, near the village of Dooralla. While the people were about erecting a special temple for this celestial messenger the English rulers took possession of it and transferred it to the collection of meteorites in the British Museum at London. The oldest meteorolite preserved by Europeans fell at noon on the 7th November, 1492, near Eusisheim, in Alsace. Emperor Maximilian I., who was near by with his army, had the stone suspended by chains to the church wall. The stone weighed originally about three hundred pounds, but only about one hundred pounds are left in the original place. Several fine fragments have found their way into modern collections.

One class of these celestial messengers consists mainly of malleable iron containing some nickel. It is this form of iron that was first used by man. The Cyclops forging the thunderbolts of Jupiter is but an expression of this fact. The many instances of invincible or irresistible swords sometimes said to have come from heaven, have reference to weapons made from meteoric iron.

One of the most remarkable of these cases on record in America occurred in Iowa on the evening of Friday, Feb. 12, 1875. It was seen over the Northwest from Omaha to near Chicago, and from St. Louis to Minneapolis. The entire southeast portion of Iowa was illuminated as bright as day; when crossing the State line from Missouri to Iowa the meteor was about a hundred miles above the earth's surface, and descended towards the earth at an angle of nearly 45° on its northward flight, finally detonating at an altitude of about ten miles and falling in fragments over Iowa County in Iowa.

As regards the origin of meteorites the researches of Daubree and Meunier, of Paris, have demonstrated that they are fragments of planetary bodies, which by some great combustion have been broken to pieces.

But long before the earth meets this, her final doom, the moon will be broken up, and her lunar meteorites placed, I trust in mineralogical museums.

WOMAN'S SOFTENING INFLUENCE.—"It's astonishin'," remarked an old Yankee forty niner, as he nodded over his glass to a friend, "what a coward a man is at home—a reg'lar crawlin' sneak, by Jove! I've traveled a good bit, and held up my head in most o' the camps on the coast since '49. I've got three bullets inside o' me. I've shot and been shot at, an' never heard nobody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellers that's goin'. But at home I'm a kyote. Afore I'd let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn't A 1 when it's like stiff amalgam, I'd fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots o' times. Most o' my teeth is gone from tuggin' on beefsteaks that the old woman fried. D'ye think I roar out when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. While I'm rubbin' my shins an' keepin' back the tears, I'm likewise sweatin' fur fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn't use to be so," sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp. "When we first hitched, I thought I was superintendent; but, after a year or two of argyin' the pint, I settled down to shovin' the car at low wages. I kin lick any man o' my age an' size," cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. "I'll shoot, stand up, or rough-and-tumble for coin; but, when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, an' take off my muddy boots, an' hear the old woman ask if that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out o' me!"

IT is a very common habit, but a great mistake, to mend gloves with silk, as the silk will cut the kid more than fine cotton thread, thus showing the mend more plainly. For the same reason it will not hold the edges of the kid so firmly, but, instead, will cut through in time. You will notice that all kid gloves are sewed with cotton thread. The manufacturers understand the difference in the material, and use the most satisfactory. Threads of all shades, especially put up in twist for glove-mending, can be bought for a trifle. If a glove is badly torn or ripped, try to match its color with a bit of silk. Lay this under the torn part, and baste it down in small stitches that do not show on the right side. Then draw the rip up as carefully as you can, taking up very little of the kid as you do so.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Fish are always sold alive in Japan.

Some butterflies lay over 100,000 eggs.

The Chinese cultivate an odorless onion.

The word Niagara means thunder-water

Tortoises have been known to live 300 years.

Audiences are forbidden to applaud in Russian theatres.

Some species of seaweed grow to the length of 500 yards.

A religious sect in Russia holds that wearing hair is sinful.

A North Carolina man married his mother-in law recently.

The Romans had no hinges; all their doors turned on pivots.

Diamonds are found in every color and shade, from the purest white to jet black.

The starfish has no nose, but the whole of its underside is endowed with the sense of smell.

More mushrooms are raised in the vicinity of Paris in any other place in the world.

More than 100,000,000 Chinese, it is said, are engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the tea industry.

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 900,000,000 people.

Nearly every grammar school in the city of New York has an anti-cigarette league, to one of which 700 boys belong.

Fungi are common in all parts of the world, but are most abundant in countries which enjoy a temperate climate.

In London the out-patients of hospitals in a year amount, it is said, to more than one-fourth of the whole population.

The organs of smell in the turkey and vulture are so delicate that they can scent their food for a distance of forty miles.

A school has been opened in Chicago for people who can hear but cannot talk, and 20 people are being taught to articulate sounds.

Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez, is inhabited by about sixty persons, who attend to the herds of cattle that graze there.

In Berlin the fire companies must be drawn up in military fashion to salute their commander before they can start to the scene of a fire.

There are words in the Chinese language that as many as 40 different meanings, each depending on the intonation used in pronouncing it.

The specific gravity of a body is obtained by weighing the body in air, then in water, and dividing the weight in air by the loss of weight in water.

Half a pound of dried currants, in lieu of oats, is said to be fed to the Sultan's horses in Egypt, and this is claimed to be the secret of the animals' great endurance.

San Francisco has one drinking saloon to every ninety-three persons, Albany is second on the list with one to every 116 persons, and New Orleans one to every 121 persons.

The common snail sets forth to ravage our gardens equipped with 160 rows of stout serrated teeth. The whole palate contains about 21,000 teeth, while a full grown slug has over 26,000 of these silicious spikes.

The biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They measure sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and are said to be of the finest flavor.

Over the new bridge being built at Louisville flutters always an American flag. The workmen think that the former bridge, which fell with a heavy loss of life, did so for lack of a flag. With one they now feel quite secure.

The amount of heat we receive annually from the sun is sufficient to melt a layer of ice 110 feet thick, extending over the whole earth. The sunbeam, however, is only 1,300,000th part as intense as it is at the surface of the sun.

The new postal cards in France will be issued in the forms of check books, with stubs upon which the sender can keep memoranda. The stubs can be stamped at the post-office before the card is detached, so that a verified record of the correspondence can be kept.

The city council of Clintohn, Mo., levied an annual tax of $10 upon each fire insurance company doing business in the town. In turn the State Board of Underwriters gave instructions to increase the insurance rate 10 per cent. for that town while the tax rate holds.

Of French women workers, nearly 500 are employed on the railways. By means of a little interest exerted on their behalf, the daughter, wife, or widow of an employe can obtain a good position—which, unfortunately, is not so remunerative as others, for the women on railways are only paid half as much as the men, while doing the same amount of work.

LOVE ETERNAL.

BY F. B. W.

The world is full of weeping,
  There is sighing in the air
From loving ones o'erburdened
  With a heavy weight of care;
The hopes and dreams of beauty
  That we fed our hearts upon
Have disappeared for ever,
    Yet Love lives on.

Despite neglect and coldness,
  Despite the changes drear,
The trials and denials
  That are ours from year to year,
Amid the desolation,
  Oh, strange phenomenon!
As fresh and fair as ever
    Still Love lives on!

SPIDER AND THE WEATHER.

Lonnrot, the Finnish scientist, tells us of an old soldier who could always forecast the weather with exactness. "I have," said the soldier, "a sure weather-prophet in a little spider. Let us visit him and I will tell you what the weather will be for a few days. See him now sitting at the entrance of his house; we shall have rain to-morrow, for he sits near the door. If he had been sitting further away the rain would not come till the day after to-morrow. If he were still further away but turned towards the door, the rain would not come till the third day. Watch the spider to-morrow and you will see him run into his house just before the rain comes. If he does not go in entirely, but leaves a part of his body outside, the rain will not last more than two to three days, but if he becomes entirely invisible, the rain will last longer. If he closes the entrance, it will be stormy weather, cold, with heavy frost, or snow. If you will watch the spider, while it rains, you will see how he once in a while comes to the door and sticks out his front legs to try the weather. As the weather improves he comes out further and further, and when the weather is good again, he puts half his body out. If he is out entirely and repairs his web or spins a new one, you may be sure the weather will be fine for many days."

Quatremere Disjouval, a French officer, who was, in 1787, taken as prisoner of war to Holland, and held captive for seven years in Utrecht, spent his enforced idleness in observing spiders. His knowledge of the weather enabled him, in 1795, to say, several weeks in advance, that the water of the Rhine would decrease in an unusual degree. On the 4th of February, 1793, all Holland thought that the winter was over, but Disjouval, on the strength of his observation of three spiders, prophesied a violent change in the weather; five days after the frost began, and on the thirteenth day, all canals and lakes were frozen, and a severe winter ruled supreme.

But it is still more remarkable that Disjouval could predict the proper time for the campaign in 1794-5, thus enabling the French to conquer all Holland and free himself from prison. Early in the fall, he prophesied that the winter would be so severe that the ice on all rivers and canals would be strong enough to carry horses—something which is rare in Holland. In the beginning of December it did not look as if his prophesy would be verified, and the French began to contemplate a truce with Holland.

Before it was concluded, Disjouval managed to get a message sent secretly to his countrymen to wait two weeks, as at that time a severe frost would set in. They believed him, and put an end to the armistice; before the 29 of December the French passed over the rivers with horses. Disjouval sent word again that the cold would be still severer in three days. It so happened, and the French crossed over the Rhine, on the ice, to Utrecht, and liberated Disjouval.

Five days later the weather grew so mild that the French generals became very uneasy about the 100,000 troops in Holland, because they had not yet received sufficient war material from France. But Disjouval came to their help again. He prophesied a new frost. The armies remained, and conquered all Holland.

In the interest of science it is desirable that others should observe the spiders. Let them supply them with food, and observe their mode of living, conscientiously noting down all changes of weather, time and season. They will thus soon gather sufficient data wherewith to be enabled to foretell the weather, and establish the truth or falsehood of this story.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.—A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," got into conversation with an ancient "Varmount" lady who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course the school and former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked—

"Waal, master, what do you think he larnt the scollards?"

"Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?"

"Waal, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was reound, and went areound, and all that sort o' thing! Now, master, what do you think about sich stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?"

Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked, "It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things."

"Waal," said she, "if the airth is reound and goes reound, what holds it up?"

"Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction," he replied.

The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded, "Waal, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like to know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down!"

As a civilizer modern England, like ancient Rome, touches nothing that she does not adorn. The twenty-fifth number of the Matabele Times, the new beacon light of African progress, has just reached London, and announces that the site of Buluwayo's kraal is to be turned into a race course, and a string band is to play every Sunday afternoon in the King's Kraal Gardens.

Grains of Gold.

Don't speak impatiently to children.

Anybody can go to heaven—on a tombstone.

The man who loves his duty will not slight it.

Don't go where you would not be willing to die.

The feet of truth are slow, but they never slip.

Don't go to sleep until you can forgive everybody.

If we could speak kind words we must cultivate kind feelings.

There are too many people who never pray until they have to.

Don't give advice to others that you are not willing to follow.

Some men join a church with no better motive than others rob a bank.

If men had to be judged by one another nobody could ever get to heaven.

The quickest way for a man to find out what others think of him is to run for office.

It is not what you put into your pocket, but what you take out that will make you rich.

Don't do anything to-day that you wouldn't want to be found doing on the judgment day.

Happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, in being content with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately.

If conversation be an art, like painting, sculpture and literature, it owes its most powerful charm to Nature; and the least shade of formality or artifice destroys the effect of the best collection of words.

Femininities.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters are fond of photographic portraits of her friends.

A colored woman who got a divorce from her husband in Kansas recently, was allowed $2 a month alimony.

The suit of armor used by Jeanne d'Arc is preserved intact in the tower of the Prison Castle in Aisne, France.

In Switzerland there are no less than 3406 women's societies, 119 of which speak German officially, 1325 French and 11 Italian.

Hot water is better than cold to apply to a bruise or a sprain. It will relieve the pain and swelling sooner than other applications.

A society of ladies is forming in London for the adoption of day servants, who will come into the house by the day only, and return at night to their own homes.

A woman may not enter within the altar rails or other more sacred portions of a Russian church where man, even a layman, is free to go. Her presence there is desecration that involves reconsecration of the edifice.

The Danish Government has voted a sum to be applied as scholarships to young ladies who intend to become teachers. A further sum has been voted for the purpose of forming short classes in agriculture and horticulture for women teachers.

A number of the most prominent housekeepers in Saginaw, Mich., have formed an organization whose members pledge themselves not to give out latchkeys to servants nor to retain in their employment girls who do not retire at 10 P. M. or earlier.

London advocates of the bicycle for woman's use are greatly delighted over the fact that the Princess of Wales and her daughters have taken to riding tricycles, the idea being that the departure is but a step in the progress of royalty towards bicycles and bloomers.

On the wedding trip. Wife: "I've made a fool of myself."

Husband: "How?"

Wife: "Here I've carried all the baggage so that people would not think we were newly married, and all the while my back hair was full of rice."

Window gazing is said to be a regular profession in London. A couple of stylishly dressed ladies pause before the window of a merchant, remain about five minutes, and audibly praise the goods displayed inside. Then they pass to another store on their long list of patrons.

It has hitherto been the law in Japan that if a woman was not married by a certain age, the authorities picked out a man and compelled him to marry her. The Mikado has just abolished this usage. In future Japanese women will be allowed to live and die maids as in European countries.

A Silver Creek woman who started out to earn $1 for church purposes contracted to shave her husband ten times for the money. In relating her experience she said she was quite successful in her undertaking, cutting only a few gashes in his face, which she patched up without much difficulty.

A medical man recently recommended knitting as a sedative for harassed or agitated nerves. It is well known that Germany is a knitting country, and there the first thing a medical man forbids, in the case of nerve complaints, is knitting. It is considered every bit as bad as morphine, or alcohol, although in itself harmless.

In Chili every woman over 21 can vote on all questions. The street cars are all conducted by women, too. The native women have not good opportunities for education, but they are said to be possessed of fair mental ability, and boast of one native woman doctor. In manner they are modest and dignified, in person small and delicate.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntassel, "wouldn't you like ter be a 'mancipated woman, and go ter the polls and vote?"

"No, sir!" was the positive reply; "I don't think it's fair ter the men fur women ter be trying ter grab the offices."

"Why not?"

"Because er woman is allus smart enough to turn her hand ter anything thet comes along, but politics is all some men air fit fur."

There can be no doubt that if the lullaby was not in advance of the war song, it was at least contemporaneous with it. Mr. Mason tells of the low, sweet chant of the Zuni mother and her quaint baby songs. In making their bread, he mentions the imitative power of the native women, who sing notes and words which are made to sound like their hand stones working on the meal-ing stones.

It is an error of taste for a blonde with no color to wear blue—it makes her look cold and ill. For a slender woman to imagine that a loose bodice increases her size—she wants one that fits closely about her waist, and is properly brought out, by the aid of lamb's wool, to the proper shape. To suppose that a stout figure does not need drapery—it does, but it wants to be so arranged that it will detract from, rather than emphasize, the size of the wearer. For a pale woman to wear a black gown and a large white bonnet gives her the unhealthiest blue coloring imaginable.

Masculinities.

A man always feels put out when he is taken in.

Bicycle riders have a colleague in the new Emperor of Russia, who is a lover of the wheel, and rides as often as he gets the chance.

Tailor Dowe, who wanted a million dollars at first for his bullet-proof coat invention, has offered it to the Swedish Government for $18,000.

A man's full mental power is not reached before the age of 25, and the development of talent is most marked between the ages of 30 and 45 years.

Westerner: "That man called you a liar. Will you take that?"

Stranger: "Oh, yes; I'll take anything. I used to be a New York policeman."

In boys, we are told, the year of the greatest growth is the 17th, and in girls the 15th. Girls generally reach their full height in that year, and acquire their full weight at the age of 20.

Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of the words of "America," was recently tendered a reception by the residents of West Bridgewater, Mass., upon the celebration of the 90th anniversary of his birth.

Doubtless the oldest college professor in the world, both in age and in years of active service, is Dr. Franz Neumann, who gives lectures on physics and mineralogy in the University of Konigsberg. He is 96.

Twelve years ago Japan contained only one spinning mill. The latest statistics from that country tell of no less than 38 now in operation, with over 285,000 spindles, and representing a capital of over $10,000,000.

The cash value of farms in the whole United States, in 1860, was $6,638,000,000; and, though the South had only one-fourth of the white population, the value of its farms was $2,800,000,000, more than one-third of the whole.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. in his youth was a great walker, and during the 30 years that he was Bishop of Perugia, he continued the habit of his early days; but since his election, Leo XIII. has not crossed the threshold of the Vatican.

A British clergyman recently undertook to give his horse a sea bath. As the beach was lonely, he took off all his clothing, a precaution which proved embarrassing when the horse ran away and carried him through the main street of the village.

On the late visit of Prince Bismarck to the Emperor, the later called the attention of the ex-Chancellor to the improvements made in the boots of the Prussian infantry. This consisted in the displacement of the old-fashioned steel nails by nails of aluminium, which is much lighter and more durable.

While walking in the woods near his home in Dodge county, Georgia, recently, Cullen Rogers was attracted by a peculiar noise, which, upon investigation, proved to be an enormous eagle attempting to carry away a full grown sheep. The bird had nearly succeeded in killing the sheep when shot by Mr. Rogers.

"Great Scott—another hat!" cried Mr. Harlem Flat, when his wife threw out a hint. "You are the most extravagant woman in this part of town. I believe you have a different hat for every in the week."

"Why, of course I have! That's just it. I have one for every day in the week, but none for Sunday."

Artist: "Yes, sir, I can enlarge this photograph and give you a speaking likeness."

Widower, whose knowledge of art terms is limited, but who has a very vivid remembrance of the deceased: "A speaking likeness! I would like the portrait, but—but I—er—don't care to have it talk much."

An international telephone system, to cover all Europe with its network, is one of the latest movements to bring the nations into more intimate and more peaceful relations with each other. The cities of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Brussels and Antwerp are already connected by telephone, and the extension of the lines is a question of only a little time.

A gentle reminder to some of the people with big heads now living, of the number of other human beings who have lived and been forgotten, is furnished by a statement emanating from the British Museum, to the effect that the Catacombs at Rome shelter the bones of as many people as are numbered in the combined populations of London, Paris and New York.

William Goldby, of Trimble, Tennessee, recently took refuge under a poplar tree during a thunder storm. Lightning struck the tree and severely stunned Goldby, who lay unconscious, exposed to the rain. When consciousness returned he was horrified to discover that his skin had been turned as black as that of an African, and it has remained so ever since.

A horse that belonged to a family of Bloomfield, N. Y., for twelve years was sold two years ago. A few days after the sale the animal returned to his old masters, and although the faithful beast has been sold three times since then he has invariably returned. During his absence a setter dog has become attached to the horse and the loving pair take all their trips together.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The ideal coiffure is that which preserves a good outline of the head, with just so much ornament as will serve to best display the hair and bring out the beauty of the face. A woman with a large, prominent nose should never draw her hair tightly back into a knob half way between her neck and the crown of her head, and little women with short necks and should never wear the hair low at the back. Any manner of hair dressing which hides the neck is not generally becoming, except to young girls. The modern fashion of parting the hair is an old one revived with the coming in of balloon sleeves and full skirts, and it gives such an old time appearance to some faces that there is a striking resemblance to the portraits of their great grandmothers. The fad for side combs of every description, jewelled and plain, is a growing one, and when they are worn close to the face to confine the bang at either side the wearer looks as if she had really stepped out of the picture. These little combs are worn by young and old. Tucked in anywhere, they are becoming or useful. Tortoise shell, gold and jewelled combs which stand high at the back are in great demand, in fact the coiffure is not quite finished without some ornament. Twists of pearls, flowers, feathers and aigrettes are worn in the hair with evening dresses. The Greek and Empire styles of dressing the hair with Parisian modifications are much worn, and many adopt the 1830 style of full bandeaux over the ears. This is especially becoming to a pretty, oval face which is exactly the right proportions. The hair must be coaxed into fluffy waves with the aid of a crimping iron, and carried loosely back into a soft curly knot, which may be put at any point on the head where it is most becoming.

One striking style of arranging the hair is in a bow knot at the top of the head with a high-standing comb between the loops, and two little soft twists in the middle to give it a finish at the back.

A large chignon, which is a confusion of hair arranged somewhat in the shape of an exaggerated burr, is called the "Gaiety girl style," and is worn low, resting partly on the neck at the back. This is a most unbecoming style, rarely seen except on English women, and has not even the merit of neatness to recommend it for trial. The "teapot-handle" style, which has prevailed all season, still obtains, and when made in the right size and put in the right place it is very pretty.

Bangs are a thing of the past, but a few stray curls are always seen about the face. Waves and fluffiness are the principal element of fashionable hairdressing, and the woman who would know the latest style must work out her own salvation, like her French sisters, and adopt the style which is most becoming.

An admirable theatre toilette is composed of mastic cloth, embroidered au plumetis, combined with hanneton velvet. The very full skirt, with back on godet, has a deep border of embroidery showing a band of velvet beneath and between the scallops, thus giving the appearance of a velvet underskirt.

The corsage fits snugly, the round neck and pointed basque being finished with tambour work. Small pointed revers are sewed into the armholes of this sleeveless bodice. Braces of hanneton velvet have standing box-plaited points at the shoulders and choux at the waist. From these choux bands of velvet extend down the side of the front gore of the skirt, widening as they descend, and terminating at the upper edge of the embroidered border by very large box-plaited points. The round yoke and high, full collar are of hanneton velvet, the latter having a large chou at the back. The velvet puff sleeves are finished by a deep cuff of tambour embroidery.

With this may be worn a stylish little toque in mastic tambour work, garnished with hanneton velvet and plumes.

A full cape of mastic cloth, with deep border of embroidery en plumetis, would have a large collar and collet of hanneton velvet. It may be lined with turquoise blue silk and interlined with flannel, or it may be simply lined with fox fur.

White perforated cloth over black satin makes quite a chic theatre gown. The skirt is very full and perforated in vertical stripes. The bodice is extremely simple, fitting closely over the shoulders and having a very little fullness at the waist. A full collar and belt, each with a large bow at the back, and very bouffante mutton leg sleeves are all made of black velvet.

The mantle and toque, accompanying this toilette, are also in black and white.

A toilette in willow-green cloth was combined with pale pink chiffon in the following fashion: The full skirt of willow-green cloth had large "moulinet" bows placed at equal intervals, at about six inches from the edge. These bows were made of green ribbon laid over pink, sufficiently wide to show an edge at either side of the green. The bodice was composed of lengthwise puffs of pink chiffon, separated by straps of narrow green ribbon. The bouffante sleeves were finished at the elbow by a large bow of pink and green ribbon, arranged as on the skirt. A full collar of green had a large fan bow at the back, and the belt was finished in the front by two standing loops of green and pink.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Stains.—Stains are always before the public. All kinds of stains are continually appearing on all sorts of articles and fabrics. What will remove one stain is very likely to make another stain grow larger and more distressingly conspicuous.

Here are a few simple directions for the removal of the most common stains:

The simplest method of removing fruit stains is to place the stained part of the cloth over a bowl and continue pouring boiling water through until the stain disappears. If this is done soon after the article is stained there will be no trouble in most cases. Oxalic acid will also remove fruit stains. Put three ounces of the crystals in a bottle with half a pint of water and have the preparation ready for use. When stains are to be removed have a large pail of water and a bottle of household ammonia on hand. Wet the stained parts with the acid and then rub. When the stains have disappeared put the article in the water. Wash thoroughly in several waters and wet the parts with ammonia, that all trace of the acid may be removed. Finally rinse again.

To remove grease spots from delicate fabrics like silk, crepe, ribbons, etc., spread the articles stained on a clean cloth and cover with powdered French chalk or fuller's earth. Roll up the article and put it away for a few weeks, and it will become clean. Where soap and hot water can be used wash the spots in very hot water, using plenty of soap. Then rinse well. French chalk may be powdered and mixed with cold water to make think paste. Spread this on the grease spot and let it remain for several days, then brush off. If the stain has entirely disappeared apply the mixture a second time.

Egg Cutlets.—To make from four to six cutlets requires three hard-boiled eggs, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Cover the eggs with boiling water and simmer them half an hour in a covered saucepan. Heat the milk in a double boiler, rub together the butter and flour, add to the milk and stir until you have a thick, smooth mixture; season with one half teaspoonful of onion juice and the parsley. Shell the eggs, cut them or chop them fine, and mix well with the sauce. Turn on a buttered platter, and set in the ice box until very cold. Then flour your hands and your moulding board, take a small quantity of the mixture in your hands, and mould the shape of a small cutlet about an inch thick. When ready to fry, the cutlets are to be coated with egg and then with fine dry bread crumbs laid a few at a time in the frying basket and browned in boiling fat. The cutlets are served with a white sauce garnished with green peas. To make the sauce, blend a teablespoonful of butter, the same quantity of flour and a cupful of milk or cream, and, when smooth, season with a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper and a half cupful of cooked green peas. Pour the sauce around, not over, the cutlets.

Creamed Potato.—Cook together in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of flour. Add three quarters of a cup of sweet milk or cream, stir until it boils, season with salt and pepper, add two cups of thinly sliced cold boiled potato, and let simmer until the potato is thoroughly heated, then serve.

Scalloped Potato.—Butter a shallow baking dish. Fill it three-quarters full of thinly sliced cold boiled potato. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over them some soup stock, thin gravy, cream or sweet milk. Sprinkle bread crumbs moistened lightly with butter over the top of the potato and cook in a moderate oven until thoroughly heated and brown on the surface. The proportion of liquid to be used in moistening scalloped potato is about three-fourths of a cup of liquid to two cups of sliced potato.

Plum Marmalade.—Scald and remove the skins of ripe plums; take out the pits; allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; mix the sugar and let it stand half an hour, then cook; boil twenty minutes, then pour in small dishes and let stand to harden. Seal it up.

As staple as sugar, and equally if not more useful is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT.—The present German Emperor, William II., is a stern moralist after the German standard, and in the efforts which he has been making to break up gaming among the officers of the army he has been inexorable.

An authentic anecdote which was related of him while he was still Prince William, and before the death of his grandfather, the Emperor William I., revealed his intentions in this respect, at the same time promising to the Germans a future emperor who was likely to rule as well as govern them.

Prince William was at that time colonel of a regiment of hussars. He observed that some of the officers of the regiment were gambling at a certain club, and he ordered his officers to cease to visit this club.

The officers regarded this command as an infringement of their personal liberty, and the president of the club, Prince R., went, as a representative of their wishes, to the old emperor and requested him to remove the interdiction.

The emperor sent for the prince, his grandson, and told him to revoke the order.

"Am I still colonel of the regiment, your Majesty?" the prince asked.

"Certainly," said the emperor.

"Then," said the prince, "permit me either to retain my authority in it, or to resign my commission."

No answer could have pleased the old sovereign better.

"Oh," he said, "stick to your order. I should never find another colonel for the regiment as good as this one."

When Prince R. returned to the emperor to know if the order was to be revoked, the emperor said quizzically—

"It was no use I told the colonel to withdraw it, but he wouldn't hear of it at all."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.—A certain medical professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing disease by the external appearance, face and so forth of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the professor said to the man,

"Ah, you are troubled with gout!"

"No, sir," said the patient—"I've never had any such complaint."

"But," said the professor, "your father must have had gout?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "nor my mother either."

"Ah, very strange!" said the professor to his class. "I am convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characteristics which we are accustomed to note in gout."

"Front teeth?" ejaculated the patient.

"Yes," returned the professor; "I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir."

"Well, that beats everything!" declared the man. "It's the first time, sir, I've ever heard of false teeth having the gout! I've have this set for the last ten years!"

SHE HIT IT.—The pretty school teacher, for a little divertisement, had asked her class for the best original definition of wife," and the boy in the corner promptly responded, "A rib." She looked at him reproachfully, and nodded to the boy with dreamy eyes, who seemed anxious to say something.

"Man's guiding star and guardian angel," he said, in response to the nod.

"A helpmeet," put a little flaxen haired, girl.

"One who soothes man in adversity," suggested a demure little girl.

"And spends his money when he's flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner. There was a lull, and the pretty, dark-haired girl said, slowly, "A wife is the envy of spinsters."

"One who makes a man hustle," was the next suggestion."

"And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl.

"Someone for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden.

"Stop there," said the pretty school teacher. "That's the definition."

WHO has not experienced how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautiful, and beauty loses its charm, according to the quality of heart and mind?

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

The Frederick A. Stokes Publishing Company, New York, has this year again issued a magnificent lot of books and calendars for 1896, for holiday and presentation purposes. Handsomer or more acceptable works in their line have never been put before the people. One of the neatest of the new calendars is "The Old Woman in the Shoe." The twelve months are the children, and make their appearance by a very neat contrivance. Price 50 cents.

Then comes a very attractive addition to the firm's series of "Masterpieces," in a splendid little volume containing William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis." It is grandly printed and bound uniform with the series, and has besides numerous original illustrations by Corwin Knapp Linson. Price 75 cents.

The vignette edition of James Russell Lowell's Poems, issued by the same house, is a treat for the mind and the eye. It represents a convenient octavo volume of 337 pages, with one hundred illustrations, and bound in gold embossed cloth and violet embellishments. Price $1 50.

The "Moran Calendar," which they also issue, has never been surpassed for artistic beauty. It contains twelve 8x10 facsimile water color pictures, by the famous artist E P. Moran, the subject being typical of the months. It is as dainty as it is useful. Price $2 00.

The "Polar Bear Calendar" is another neat and pretty device in colors.

As a presentation book for a child "Children of Colonial Days" must rank with the choicest. The numerous full page water color-plates are by E. P. Moran and the decorative borders, and other designs, together with the beautiful new stories, in prose and verse, by Elizabeth S. Tucker. It can be commended as one of the most interesting publications of the season. Price $2 50.

"Little Columbia's Gowns and Pleasures," for all the months of the year, with new full page pictures in fac-simile water-colors and new verses, is a book that may safely be put in the hands of any little girl with the assurance that it would make her more than happy. Price $1 25. All the above are for sale by John Wanamaker, this city.

"Single Heart and Double Face," by Charles Reade, a very interesting story is just published in the Golden Gem Library, issued by the Optimus Printing Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for November makes a strong opening for a new volume. First comes a fully illustrated account of "The Glaciers of Greenland," by Prof. Angelo Heilprin. "The Cobra and other Serpents," are described, with illustrations, by Mr. G. R. O'Reilly. This number contains also the recent address of the Marquis of Salisbury upon assuming the presidency of the British Association for the advancement of science. A description of "The Swiss Watch Schools" is given by Theodore B. Willson. There is an account of the career of Philibert Commerson, "The King's Naturalist," while the subject of the usual "Sketch and Portrait" is Sears C. Walker, astronomer of the United States Coast Survey in its early days. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ATLANTIC CABLES.

Two additional Telegraph Cables are to be laid between Europe and the United States at a cost that cannot be much below five million dollars. One of these will be laid for the Anglo-American Telegraph Company from Heart's Content, Newfoundland, to Valentia, Ireland; and the second cable will also be from the Kerry coast, but its trans-Atlantic terminal point has not been stated.

These cables will be put into position under circumstances widely differ from those that prevailed when the early Atlantic cables were laid about thirty-five years ago. A year or two before the first attempt to lay an Atlantic cable, there were only eighty-seven nautical miles of submarine cables laid; now, the total length of these wonderful message-carriers under the waves is 139,500 nautical miles, or over 160,500 English statute miles.

The charter which Mr. Cyrus W. Field obtained for the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company was granted in the year 1854. It constructed the land-line telegraph in Newfoundland, and laid a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but this was the commencement only of the work.

Soundings of the sea were needed; electricians had to devise forms of cable most suitable; engineers to consider the methods of carrying and of laying the cable; and capitalists had to be convinced that the scheme was practicable, and likely to be remunerative; whilst Governments were appealed to for aid. Great Britain readily promised aid; but the United States Senate passed the needful bill by a majority of one.

But when the first Atlantic cable expedition left the coast of Kerry, it was a stately squadron of British and American ships of war, such as the Niagara and the Agamemnon, and of merchant steamships. The Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and of British railways, were there, with representatives of several nations; and when the shore-end had been landed at Valentia, the expedition left the Irish coast in August 1858. When 335 miles of the cable had been laid, it parted, and high hopes were buried many fathoms below the surface.

The first expedition of 1858 also failed; the second one was successful; and on the 16th of August in that year, Queen Victoria congratulated the President of the United States "upon the successful completion of this great international work;" and President Buchanan replied, trusting that the telegraph might "prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations." But after a few weeks' work, the cable gave its last throb, and was silent.

Not until 1865 was another attempt made, and then the cable was broken after 1200 miles had been successfully laid. Then, at the suggestion of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Daniel Gooch, the Anglo-American Telegraph Company was formed; and on 13th July 1866 another expedition left Ireland; and towards the end of the month, the Great Eastern glided calmly into Heart's Content, "dropping her anchor in front of the telegraph house, having trailed behind her a chain of two thousand miles, to bind the Old World to the New."

But the success of the year were more than the mere laying of a cable: the Great Eastern was able, in the words of the late Lord Iddesleigh, to complete the "laying of the cable of 1866, and the recovering that of 1865."

Then, shortly afterwards, the Direct United States Cable Company came into being, and laid a cable; a French company followed suit; the great Western Union Telegraph Company of America entered the Atlantic trade, and had two cables constructed and laid. The commencement of ocean telegraphy by each of these companies led to competition, and reduced rates for a time with the original company, ending in what is known as a pool or joint purse agreement, under which the total receipts were divided in allotted proportions to the companies. These companies have now eight cables usually operative; and it was stated by Sir J. Pender that these eight cables "are capable of carrying over forty million words per annum."

In addition to the cables of the associated companies, the Commercial Cable Company own two modern cables; and one of the two additional ones to be laid this year is to be laid by this company—the other by the original—the Anglo-American Company. But the work is simple now to what it was thirty years ago.

Then, there were only one or two cable-ships; now, in his address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr. Preece enumerates thirty-seven, of which five belong to the greatest of our telegraph companies, the Eastern.

The authority we have just named says that "the form of cable has practically remained unaltered since the original Calais cable was laid in 1858," its weights has been increased; and there have additions to it to enable it to resist insidious submarine enemies. The gear of the steamships used in the service has been improved; whilst the "picking-up gear" of one of the best known of these cable-ships is "capable of lifting thirty tons at a speed of one knot per hour."

And there has been a wide knowledge gained of the ocean, its depth, its mountains, and its valleys, so that the task of cable-laying is much more of an exact science than it was. When the first attempt was made to lay an Atlantic cable, "the manufacture of sea-cables" had been only recently begun; now, 140,000 knots are at work in the sea, and yearly the area is being enlarged.

"WHAT a perfectly charming man Mr. Twitter is." Maud—"I never heard him say a clever thing." "No; but he can move about the room without stumbling over the rugs."

Salvation Oil, the people's liniment, is guaranteed the best. It will cure you.

ITS MEANING.—"What are you going to call your new paper?" asked the friend who had dropped in to see the aspiring young journalist.

"The Palladium," was the reply.

"That is a good name for a newspaper. By-the way, what is the meaning of the word?"

"It means—hum—it means—why, you know what palladium means, don't you?"

"No; I'm asking for information."

"Well, that's a good one on you! Lived in a civilized community all your life, and pretend you don't know what palladium is?"

"I'm in earnest. What is it?"

"Why, a palladium is—Great Cæsar! Look at that dog fight!"

"Saved!" howled the young journalist, pouncing on the dictionary the instant the door closed on his visitor's retreating form.

ASTONISHING THE WAITER.—At an hotel in Ireland three or four men met to dine off a goose, but not one of them had any idea how to carve it. They contrived, however, to pare away all the meat, leaving merely the skeleton; and then, being much ashamed at the appearance of it, discussed amongst themselves how they might dispose of the bones.

One suggested that they should throw it out of the window, which looked into a back yard. This they did. When the waiter came to clear away, he stood in the room gazing first at the dish and then at their plates, and at last exclaimed—

"Great goodness! Bones and all! Bones and all!"

$2.50

18 KARAT
GOLD PLATE
LADIES' OR GENT'S SIZE.

CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A Guarantee for 5 Years and chain and charm sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price, $2.50, and it is yours. It is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time-keeper in the World for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine solid Gold Watch. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again.

EASTLAKE MFG. CO.,
Corner Adams and State Sts.
CHICAGO, ILL.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.)
Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. R. DEACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off **follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing,** etc., in the author's inimitable and **mirth-provoking** style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

NEARLY 100,000 SOLD AT $2.50 EACH.

We will send this $2.50 Elegant Cloth Bound richly Illustrated Humorous Book as a premium for two yearly subscriptions to THE POST at $2.00 each. The Book alone will be sent, postage paid, for $1.50.

Address all orders to—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PATENTS

FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
618 F STREET, NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.
P. O. BOX 463. JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney.

☞ Cut this out and send it with your inquiry. ☜

Humorous.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

A violet once in a garden grew,
And she loved a sunflower bold;
But he was so stuck on his own bright hue
That he never looked down to the mold.

But time rolled on, and the sunflower, proud,
As chicken-food came to the ground;
While violet moved in a dead swell crowd
As comfits—two dollars a pound.

—U. N. Nows.

Cornered—The peanut stands.

Youthful warrior—A babe in arms.

It goes without saying—A dumb-waiter.

Why is a carpet like an actor?—Because it goes upon the boards.

Why is an ill-natured epigram like a wasp?—Because it ends with a sting.

Magistrate, to vagrant: "What is your occupation?" Vagrant: "Looking for a job."

Scene—Detroit registry. Applicant: "What does a marriage license cost?" Clerk: "One dollar down, and the balance all your life."

A fault-finder. "You were always a fault-finder!" growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband meekly; "I found you."

Charles Dudley Warner says: "It may be said generally of novelists that men know more than they tell, and that women tell more than they know."

"Your wife is a very decided blonde, isn't she?"

"Decided! You would be quite sure of it if you came to our house often!"

Mother: "So you wish my daughter for your wife?"

He, gallantly: "Partly that, madame, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."

Fat man: "What costume shall I wear to the masquerade ball?"

Cynical friend: "Don't wear any costume. Tie a string to your ankle, and go as a captive balloon."

"You must not do that, my dear," said a mother to her 4 year old daughter; "nice little girls never do so."

"Yes, they do, mamma, sometimes. Didn't you just see me do it?"

He was rich and ignorant, and when he consulted a builder concerning a new house he said: "I want a wide piazza on three sides, where the children can ride their little cyclopedias, and enjoy themselves."

"Don't you think you could learn to love me?" he asked, looking at her wistfully.

"I'm sure I couldn't!" she answered decidedly; "I'm a perfect dunce. When at school I never could learn anything."

"Why, Bridget," exclaimed the housewife, "I can write my name in the dust here!"

"Indeed, ma'am," replied Bridget, admiringly, "that's more nor I can do. Sure edication, there's nothing loike education, after all, is there, ma'am?"

"There's one thing I can't understand," said an old lady to the captain of an ocean steamer.

"What is that, madam?"

"It is how the wind blowing over the salt ocean can be so fresh."

Lawyer, drawing will of a sick client: "Your estate is much smaller, sir, than has generally been supposed."

Sick client: "Yes; but that fact must be kept quiet until after the funeral. I want a good showing of grief-stricken mourners."

"I say, Jim," said Dick, looking fondly at his sixth glass of punch, "I wish I was a beetle."

"Why a beetle?"

"An entomologist says that an ordinary beetle can carry twenty times its own weight."

Magistrate: "Now, prisoner at the bar, I wish to know why you hit your husband with the kitchen poker, as you admit you did?"

Prisoner: "Sure, yer Honor, I couldn't find the broomstick as I use in general, so I took the nearest thing that come."

Mamma, reprimanding her three-year-old son who is flagrantly disregarding table etiquette: "If we were at another's table, I should be so ashamed of you I should not know where to hide my head."

Young Diogenes, not at all abashed: "You could put it under the table."

An indiscreet young man once asked a lady her age.

"Wait while I count," she replied. "I married at 18; my husband was then 20. Now he is twice that; then I must be 38."

"Is it possible!" ejaculated the other, aghast at this method of feminine computation.

Detective Sleuth: "I tell you there ain't many people that kin fool me. If a feller's done anything and I get on his track it's all up with him." Detective Sneakly, especially divorce cases: "Pshaw! What's that to blow about? Look at the number of persons I've detected that never done nothin'!"

A BLIND PHILANTHROPIST.—Dr. William Moon, the famous blind philanthropist, who has just died at Brighton, Eng., lost his sight when he was 21. He at once set about learning the systems of reading for the blind then in vogue; but, finding them all imperfect, he invented a new system, which is now widely used in institutions for the blind. The alphabet in his system consists of nine characters, placed in various positions. They are composed of the simplest geometrical figures. His success in this direction determined him to devote his life to the welfare of the blind. Languages were his special study, so that he might give all nations the advantage of his alphabet. During his 55 years of blindness he adapted his embossed alphabet to 476 languages and dialects, and his books have circulated all over the world. The number of volumes issued in his type up to the close of 1892 was 194,933. He also wrote music for the blind, and drew embossed geographical and astronomical maps, as well as pictures. He established numerous free lending libraries and home teaching societies for the blind.

BESET WITH DANGER.—Amateur photographers do not thrive in Russia. The fascinating pursuit is beset with many difficulties. In the first place, it is necessary to communicate with the police and obtain a license. This having been granted, after considerable delay, it is advisable for one to be very careful where he or she is seen photographing. If one happens to be in proximity to a fortress when discovered by the Secret Intelligence Department, there is a risk of being despatched on a free excursion to Siberia, to which place return tickets are not supplied. Of every picture made a copy must be sent to the police authorities and another must be filed by the photographer for reference. The police have also the right at any time of the day or night to enter your dark room and examine everything therein and to search all of your photographic paraphernalia. Nor is this all the unfortunate amateur has to put up with. All of his dry plates have to be imported—as they are not manufactured in Russia—and each box is opened and every plate examined.

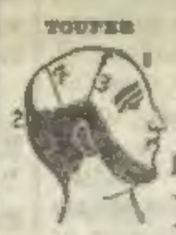
HIS WORKING CLOTHES.—Lord Ellenborough once reproved a bricklayer for coming to be sworn in his usual habiliments. "When you have to appear before this Court, witness, it is your bounden duty to be clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life, if it comes to that," said the bricklayer, "I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the Chief Justice, angrily. "Well, it's just this—you come here in your working-clothes, and I come in mine." It was very seldom, however, that anybody got the better of Lord Ellenborough. A witness, dressed in a fantastical manner and who had given discreditable evidence, was asked in cross-examination what he was. "I employ myself," he said, "as a surgeon." "But does any one else," inquired the Chief Justice, "employ you as a surgeon?"

NO GOODS TO BE RETURNED.—A merchant whose daughter had married a man with whom she could not get on very well was much surprised to see the young lady return home again with all her belongings. The old man listened attentively to her story; then went to his desk, wrote a note to his son-in-law, which he gave to his daughter, assuring her that her husband would receive her kindly after this. The pair, on reading the letter, found in it the following notice:—

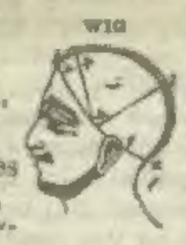
"DEAR SIR.—Goods that have been selected by your own free will at my establishment are not taken back again."

They both laughed heartily, and were reconciled.

DOLLARD & CO.,



1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '82. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1026 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after September 11, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express Parlor and Dining Car Chicago Express (Sleeper) daily Buffalo Express (Sleeper) daily	daily 9.00 a m 6.45 p m 9.45 p m	
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k d's 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m	
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m.	

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.20 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.35, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night, Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.45 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.02 p m. Accom., 4.25 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamo in Express, week-days, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.25 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00 a m., 2.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 6.20, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 5.30, 7.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m. 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m. Sundays, 6.55 a m, 4.35 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 2362 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

Address a letter or postal card to
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney.
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS,

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.

Agents make from $5 to $50 per day.

One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one, never out of order, no repairing, lasts a life time. Warranted. A money maker. Write
W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Strange indeed that

A PLAIN THING

like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

COPYRIGHT

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.